

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fourth Series, }
Vol. XXVII. }

No. 1486.—November 30, 1872.

{ From Beginning,
Vol. CXV. }

CONTENTS.

1. IMMORTALITY,	<i>British Quarterly Review,</i>	515
2. THE BURGOMASTER'S FAMILY; OR, WEAL AND WOE IN A LITTLE WORLD. By Christine Müller. Translated from the Dutch by Sir John Shaw Lefevre. Part XI,	<i>Fraser's Magazine,</i>	529
3. A SWISS SANCTUARY,	<i>Macmillan's Magazine,</i>	544
4. OFF THE SKELLIGS. By Jean Ingelow. Part XXII,	<i>Saint Pauls,</i>	549
5. OUR GREAT-GRANDMOTHERS; OR SKETCHES FROM MONTAGU HOUSE. By the Author of "Flemish Interiors." II,	<i>Fraser's Magazine,</i>	560
6. THE NATIVE PRESS OF INDIA,	<i>Saturday Review,</i>	570
7. PHYSICAL PREJUDICES,	<i>Spectator,</i>	578
8. CONSTITUTIONAL CHANGES IN FRANCE,	<i>Saturday Review,</i>	574

POETRY.

THE BRIMHAM CRAGS,	514	RELEASE,	514
BEAUTIFUL LEAVES,	514	THE DEAD,	514

MISCELLANY,	528, 543
-----------------------	----------

DELAYED BY FIRE.—On the 20th inst. the printing-house of Messrs. Rand, Avery & Co. of Boston, was burned; and with it were destroyed the printed sheets and stereotype plates of a part of this Number of THE LIVING AGE, together with all the paper on hand intended for completing the Number and the printing of subsequent ones. Under these circumstances we have no doubt our readers will pardon the short delay in the appearance of the present Number. Arrangements have been made which we trust will ensure prompt delivery for the future.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

FOR EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage. But we do not prepay postage on less than a year, nor when we have to pay commission for forwarding the money; nor when we club THE LIVING AGE with another periodical.

An extra copy of THE LIVING AGE is sent gratis to any one getting up a club of Five New Subscribers. Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & GAY.

THE BRIMHAM CRAGS.

AWAY, away unto Heaven's own bound,
Swept dale, and hill, and moorland.
The winds rushed over the mighty rocks
That crowned the grassy fore-land;
The winds sang over the wild moor-fruit,
Pale bud and glossy berry;
And shook the blue-bell's fairy stem
Till its chime woke, light and merry.
The sunshine slept on the lavish bloom,
Where warmth and scent together,
Blent in a strange, sweet, subtle charm,
Above the purple heather.

What wild convulsion of elder times,
Had piled those grim, grey masses,
Where Dacre Banks lie rich and fair,
Amid the Craven passes?
Gaily the Yorkshire autumn gilds
The lovely valleys hiding,
Mid beck, and broom, and waving ferns,
All in the great West Riding.
And never a nobler country brought
Grandeur and rest together,
Than that which planted Brimham Crag
Amid the purple heather.

She loved their solemn glory well,
She felt her heart-strings thrilling,
As the hand of her own brave father-land,
The beauty-bowl was filling.
Yet, ay, as the sunshine flooded all,
And the lark sang, sweet and shrilly,
And the bee hummed over his bounteous fare,
And the soft wind murmured stilly,
She sighed, "Alas, that joy and hope,
From love and life must sever,
While the sun is gleaming on high-piled crags,
And flushing the purple heather."

All the Year Round.

[The following beautiful lines, though published elsewhere some time ago, are not inappropriate at the present season of "Beautiful Leaves."]

BEAUTIFUL LEAVES.

FADING beneath our passing feet,
Strewn upon lawn and lane and street,
Beautiful leaves!
Dyed with the hues of the sunset sky,
Falling in glory so silently,
Beautiful leaves!

Never to freshen another Spring,
Never to know what the Summer may bring,
Beautiful leaves!
Withered beneath the frost and cold,
Soon to decay in the common mould,
Beautiful leaves!

So will the years that change your tint,
Mark upon us their Autumnal print,
Beautiful leaves!
So shall we fall from the tree of time,
Fade as ye fade in a wintry clime,
Beautiful leaves!

But when the harvest of life is past,
And we wake in eternal Spring at last,
Beautiful leaves!
May He who paints your brilliant hue
Form of our lives a chaplet new
Of Beautiful leaves!

E. B. RUSSELL.

RELEASE.

As one who leaves a prison cell,
And looks, with glad though dazzled eye,
Once more on wood and field and sky,
And feels again the quickening spell

Of Nature thrill through every vein,
I leave my former self behind,
And, free once more in heart and mind,
Shake off the old, corroding chain.

Free from my Past — a jailor dread —
And with the Present clasping hands,
Beneath fair skies, through sunny lands,
Which memory's ghosts ne'er haunt, I tread.

The pains and griefs of other days
May, shadow-like, pursue me yet;
But toward the sun my face is set,
His golden light on all my ways.

S. S. CONANT.

THE DEAD.

THE dead are like the stars by day,
Withdrawn from mortal eye,
Yet holding unperceived their way
Through the unclouded sky.

By them, through holy hope and love,
We feel, in hours serene,
Connected with a world above,
Immortal and unseen.

For death his sacred seal hath set
On bright and bygone hours;
And they we mourn are with us yet,
Are more than ever ours; —

Ours by the pledge of love and faith,
By hopes of heaven on high;
By trust, triumphant over death,
In immortality.

BARTON.

From The British Quarterly Review.
IMMORTALITY.*

It has been said that a temporary weakening or even eclipse of the belief in a future life among the English people generally may be the penalty for erroneous teaching in times past, and that there are grave reasons for thinking that this result may be experienced at no distant day. Whether this opinion be right or wrong, and whether the change which it anticipates be a danger to be feared or a benefit to be welcomed, there can be no question that the state of things thus brought about would involve the most momentous consequences to the whole order of our social and political existence; nor will the most advanced of modern thinkers deny our right to express our belief that such a revolution would be a terrible disaster, and to give the reasons on which that conviction rests. This we propose now to do. Forbearing reference to the authority of Scripture, we limit our appeal to the facts and experiences of social life, the validity of which all will acknowledge. But we shall be disappointed if these reasons fail to show further that the new philosophy which professes to address itself to our judgment only, and to be based solely on facts, carries with it no authority either by its width of view or its consistency of argument.

The issue is, indeed, wholly one of fact, and as such we cheerfully accept it. We do not deny or question the growth of a new school of moralists, who profess to find a foundation for law and ethics in considerations which leave altogether on one side the notion of a continued existence of mankind after death; but at the same time we have the fullest assurance that the inability to take account of and to explain all the phenomena of human life is to be charged not on their opponents, but on themselves. Our appeal lies to these facts, not to the authority of systems against which they protest. Whatever may be our belief on this

point, it is unnecessary for the purposes of our present argument to lay stress upon it. The complete refutation of a proposition is really the establishment of its converse; and a task, which possesses an intrinsic importance for the statesman not less than for theologians, whatever be its result, may be undertaken more hopefully if, as we believe, we can show that the dogmas of the new system have no corresponding reality in the world of facts.

That there should be even room for this confidence is in itself a matter well deserving to be noted, if we look back on the course of thought and belief during the past generation. Probably in no other period of equal length has so vast a revolution been effected in the mode of dealing with the gravest social and political questions, as well as with the profoundest problems of philosophy or theology. That many ideas which have come down to us with the authority of ages have received a death-blow it would be folly to deny; that the struggle has now been carried into the heart of the fortress, and turns on the very foundations not only of all belief but of all law and order, it is impossible to dispute. We may well be thankful that it should be so, for we must always be the gainers for knowing what it is that we really have to defend, and for seeing the points which it is little better than waste of time to maintain. It seems indeed useless to fix our attention exclusively on remote incidents in Egyptian or Assyrian or Jewish history, when the real task of the coming age will be to justify its belief in the existence of God, and in a moral government which is not bounded within the narrow and shifting limits of the life of man on earth.

If the value of this belief depends on its truth, its importance depends on the degree in which it may affect the relations of human society. If all the legislative and judicial concerns of the State can be carried on without the least reference to such a belief, if we can play our parts on this earthly stage wholly unaffected by matters which carry us onward from the present into the future, then the question of continued existence may be fairly dis-

* *The Problem of the World and the Church, reconsidered in Three Letters to a Friend.* By a SEPTUAGENARIAN. Longmans. 1871.

Fundamentals, or Bases of Belief concerning Man, God, and the Correlation of God and Man. By THOMAS GRIFFITH, A.M. Longmans. 1871.

missed as of no practical importance. But if it be not so, all other topics become comparatively insignificant, and they who are not willing to yield up all that distinguishes man from the brute must here fight the battle and win the victory, if it is ever to be won at all.

In this struggle we have to encounter some opponents whose trumpets give forth no uncertain sound; but we shall find that their hands are practically strengthened by others who profess not to be arranged under their banners, but who avow their resolution to ignore all beliefs for which they cannot adduce strict scientific evidence, or at the least to take no count of them in discussing questions of morality and law. In such a controversy as this it is obviously wise to exclude, so far as may be possible, all personal considerations; and this must be our justification for citing opinions apart from the names of those who have entertained them. It is enough to remember that such opinions are propounded by a class of thinkers which is, perhaps, daily becoming more numerous; and the belief of the class may be more vividly realized by keeping out of sight the names of those who are active in propagating it. The Septuagenarian whose volume is cited at the head of this article has done well in discussing anonymously the "Problem of the World and the Church."

Nothing can be more certain than that men may go through long courses of action without losing energy, so long as their spirits are not damped by studied prognostications that they must either fail or at best achieve a partial and inadequate success. The case is altered if from day to day they are made to listen to such forebodings expressed with unequivocal assurance; and it is not too much to say that the effects of such a change of circumstances seem to be altogether forgotten by the thinkers who hold that the conditions of childhood furnish a point of likeness to those of grown men who profess to live without expectation of any life to follow the present one. It is regarded as ridiculous to suppose that children cannot be brought to obey the commands of their parents unless they can be assured that they will cer-

tainly live to be old men and women, and that they will either reap the fruit of their childish virtues in a prosperous and happy life, or pay the penalty of childish vices in a series of disasters; and it is urged that if in children we have only to awaken the instinctive feelings of truthfulness, gentleness, and unselfishness to insure a course of action which shall be in accordance with those feelings, we may with the same confidence work on the minds of young men, feeling sure that we shall see in them the same results. The dulness of the sight which fails to discern the difference of conditions in the two cases is astonishing. The child, in the first place, knows his parents, and has some experience of their actions, and hence of their motives. He knows, more or less clearly, that they desire his real good, and that, so far as their power may extend, their care and affection will not be cut short at any particular period, or by accidents which it may be impossible to foresee. We may well ask how it would be with the child if he could be convinced that in any case his father could take no heed of him after eighteen or twenty years at most, and that any chance accident might at any moment in the interval remove him from his influence or deprive him of his love. The certainty that a very few years must be the limit of the fatherly and filial relations would naturally inspire him with hatred for conditions of life which he must regard as the result of wanton and disinterested cruelty; the possibility that the allotted period might be cut short at any hour by some chance or accident would only serve to bring that cruelty into greater prominence, and to invest it with a more grim and horrible colouring. But by our hypothesis the grown man is told that his own filial relation to God cannot be extended much beyond seventy years, because at the end of that time, if not sooner, the extinction of this relation will come with the extinction of life. It is urged further that divers philosophical and theological systems have taken no note of the continuance of life after death, and that the decay of the national life of the Jews may be traced from the moment when the idea of a future existence

was grafted on their traditional beliefs. It is urged that no such faith is manifested in the words of Greeks and Romans generally, although among others the Stoics taught a morality which involved an almost ascetic renunciation of the pleasures of sense. It is enough for the present to remark that Stoic morality propounded at least one other tenet, which Englishmen are apt to regard as likely in the end to subvert all social order whatsoever, and that therefore the real question to be discussed is the foundation of the Stoic morality. It is quite possible that this morality may have grown up under political and social conditions which allowed it to exhibit its better rather than its worse aspects; that, if applied to the conditions of modern society, it might prove to be miserably disastrous, and that in this case it would be shown to have no true foundation at all. But it is more to the purpose to note the weakness and vagueness which, under the guise of an impartial and unprejudiced philosophy, surrenders point after point in questions of supreme importance, and to mark the unhesitating dogmatism which treats these questions as matters of mere speculation, without the least effort to prove that they are such, and no more. The great object of the Septuagintarian's task is to show that a future life is not required to supplement the present one, and so to make up for the imagined shortcomings of this world. The book deals with almost every question of morality and religion, and treats all with the same summary curtness; but the process of absolute negation is not extended to the subject of a life to come. Although there is enough to occupy the mind of man in mere earthly concerns, the Septuagintarian admits that the old questions, whence man came and whither he is going, will still present themselves, and graciously allows that "for those who have leisure and imaginative faculty for such high speculation there can be no more interesting pursuit." But this admission is coupled with the cool assumption that all good men may be divided into two classes, the one containing those "who are content to confine their energies to what they see to be practical and useful

to themselves and their fellow-creatures in what regards their well-being and happiness in this world," while in the other are to be found "those who indulge in lofty aspirations after the unseen and the spiritual." A more false statement has seldom been put forth by one who doubtless wished to represent things as they are; but the same twisting of facts to suit a case runs through the whole argument, which is thus converted into a mere web of sophistry. Propositions which no one will dispute are advanced almost with the solemnity of a new discovery; we read that "whether we are destined for a future life or not, it cannot be admitted that this world is nought, or that its concerns are not worthy of our most earnest attention." On the other hand, they who believe that this world is not everything are "enthusiastic religionists, who forget how much there is on this earth worthy of filling their highest thoughts and engaging their warmest affections;" and we are virtually asked to accept as an indubitable fact the assertion that these highest thoughts can be entertained, or these warm affections felt, to the exclusion of thoughts which will not be bounded within the horizon of our mortal life. Some effort is needed to check a feeling of impatience as we listen to the imperious dulness which bids us remember that "humanity is something to live for, and if, instead of dreaming of the godlike and striving after something of a higher nature, we would direct our efforts to improving and, so far as possible, perfecting humanity, our labour would not be lost." But our forbearance almost reaches its limit when we are told that, pleasant though the dreams of the godlike may be, the enthusiasts who dream them are "apt to be neglecting to do the good which otherwise they might do in this world to themselves and to others;" and it becomes difficult to suppress the retort that the words are a mere libel on all who in any age or land have been stimulated to lighten the burdens of mankind by the conviction that if in this world only we have hope, we are of all men most miserable. But we have still to draw on our stock of patience. The conclusions which years of thought may have served

only to strengthen, are to give way before Mr. Huxley's "profound observation," that "natural knowledge, seeking to supply natural wants, has found the ideas which can alone still spiritual cravings, and in desiring to ascertain the laws of comfort has been driven to discover those of conduct, and to lay the foundations of a new morality." If we feel some misgiving that the morality so discovered may be only a new name for the most blighting selfishness by which mankind may be plagued, we are take comfort from the dictum that this system is not, "as it is sometimes contended, adverse to the highest culture, to all that has helped to exalt man's life to its present height—to religion, morality, poetry, the love of the beautiful in every form." We may perhaps feel a little puzzled to know what sort of religion we must under this system profess; but we may not, of course, presume to question the assertion that from the expectation of continued existence the legislator and the judge can derive but little aid in the ordering of the body politic. We are to remember that "the suffering with which the wicked are threatened in a future state (so far as it can have any effect in deterring from crime in this world) is wanting in the two qualities most conducive to the efficacy of punishment, namely, the certainty of its infliction, and the prospect of that infliction following speedily on the offence." The doubt whether this be the right way of putting the matter is at once settled by the general assertion that "the habit of relying at all upon the dread of punishment in a future state as a deterrent from vice and crime is in itself not to be commended, inasmuch as it tends to make us neglect the more efficacious preventive means of attaining the end desired, which are in our power, in the shape of early training and education."

The philosopher who has thus done what he can to shut out from human life the light which may stream upon it from the world in which there is no death, to convince his fellow-men that the sense of law and obligation can suffer no hurt by assigning to it a mere foundation of expediency, and to assume then that the yearnings for a more abiding and enduring home, which increase in intensity as we approach the end of our life here, are mere delusive dreams, may perhaps be not unjustly compared to the man who saws off at its junction with the trunk the bough on which he is sitting; but at the least it may without fear be said that he must fall powerless before antagonists whose system

has been more logically squared, and which we will take leave to say is thus far more manly and straightforward. We do not, of course, mean that if a man regards his own continued existence after death as a bare possibility and nothing more, he should do violence to his thought, even though it be a feeling rather than a conviction. But the abandonment of a vague hope, the nourishing of which converts men into enthusiastic dreamers, is a gain rather than a loss, if it enables a man to concentrate his energies more thoroughly on the task of framing a system of social order which shall be based solely on the hypothesis that death is to us the end of all things. If it be so, it is well to see what remains to us: and a fact far more significant than the vague philosophy of the Septuagenarian is to be found in the rise of a school which seeks to enforce a strict and even an ascetic code of ethics on the direct negation of a future life for man. It is at the least a noteworthy phenomenon, when we find men gravely stating that generosity and self-sacrifice, truthfulness and charity, are invested with their truest and highest colours when it is seen that the being who exercises them will in a few years or days pass out of the condition of things in which alone such qualities can be exhibited; that the self-devotion of the wife who ministers to the wants of a bed-ridden husband, or who in almost crushing poverty struggles to keep her children alive, receives its best and most fitting recompense in her annihilation; that true unselfishness is most effectually tested by the knowledge, not only that any change of things for the better hereafter is most unlikely, but that it is absolutely impossible; that, in short, the highest benefit in striving after an exalted standard is the certainty that we can by no possibility reach it.

Whatever else may be said of such a philosophy as this, it is abundantly clear that the first duty of those who are convinced of its truth is to proclaim it aloud to all the world as a fact of supreme moment to every child of man, and as a gospel, the late preaching of which is one of the greatest calamities in the history of mankind. In whatever direction the balance may ultimately incline, we cannot doubt that the belief in man's continued existence after death has been and is under certain circumstances a cause of much suffering. It has interfered with the animal impulse which bids a man eat and drink, because to-morrow he dies; it has kept him in bondage to a feeling of responsibil-

ity, which turns out to have no foundation in fact; it has compelled him to continued effort, when effort was irksome or even intensely painful; it has made him persevere in that which seemed a duty in spite of ridicule or persecution, when the abandonment of that course might have insured a life of ease and undisturbed enjoyment. In the midst of toil, in wealth or success, it has carried him on to a time when the concerns of this life should give way before other and more abiding interests, and while it has kept death before him as an inevitable fact, it has taught him that not here can all things now crooked be made straight, or things mysterious and inexplicable become clear. All this, it is plain, cannot be done with a creature like man, except at the cost of a severe and protracted struggle, which must involve not a little of actual pain. So great also is human weakness that very possibly this belief may sometimes have clouded the judgment of men, may have led them into acts of harshness and persecution, or to paint a picture and supply details which existed only in their imagination. It may, in short, make a man so inert a disciple of that philosophy of comfort which Mr. Huxley propounds as the panacea for all human miseries, as to furnish some apparent justification for the assertion that the last enemy to be destroyed is not death, but man's sense of his own immortality.

But Mr. Huxley's philosophy of comfort is at first sight so much opposed to the stern, if not ascetic, system preached by some who share his opinions about the beginning and ending of human life, that we are driven to scrutinize their teaching, and to determine, if we can, whether either can be a safe guide, or whether both possibly may not be utterly mistaken. Happily the teaching of neither has, thus far been effectually tested; nor can they who cannot bring themselves to admit its truth desire that it may be so tested, when they must feel assured that the result will be the inevitable dissolution of society. But on some points we can feel no hesitation, so long as human nature remains what it is; and hence we may fearlessly assert that the high standard of some strenuous prophets of annihilation will have an attraction only for an infinitesimally small fraction of mankind. In this insignificant minority it may excite a feverish and morbid enthusiasm, and may for a time, perhaps even for their whole lives, keep them in a state of tension, which outward circumstances may favour rather than check.

But whether in the case of these, or of those who, after pondering the new Gospel, may deliberately choose to walk in other paths, we must mark the effect not of vague expectations, but of matured and absolute convictions. Here again human nature becomes a safe guide, if we wish to calculate the probable effects of a given system of ethics or theology. We have, then, to picture to ourselves the English people, or a considerable section of the English people, as being fairly convinced that nothing is to follow the event which we call death; that, whether we have lived well or ill,—whether we have sought simply to enjoy ourselves, or have been content to promote our own good by promoting the good of others,—whether we have strained human law to our own benefit, or have striven to swell the sum of human happiness by a merciful forbearance,—the effects of our action or inaction, though they will tell to a certain extent on our survivors, will for us have passed away forever. We have to think of our countrymen as they would be when assured that all who pass out of life after a hard and gripping career, in which they take care that human law shall not touch them, all who from circumstances are enabled to bid defiance to law, and to plague the world with the huge iniquities of a Tamerlane or a Napoleon,—all in short, who may be classed together as successful evil-doers, and all, again, who, having striven to do their duty, have by circumstances failed not only in achieving success, but in avoiding the bitter draught of wretchedness and poverty, pass away into the same extinction, and are all saved from the effects of their iniquities, or cheated of the end which during their life-long struggle they had hoped to attain. In nine cases out of ten, perhaps in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the spread of such a conviction would be followed by a clear, and we can scarcely say an unwise, determination to avoid the rugged and thorny paths along which they must in all likelihood plod to little purpose, and to fall back, in short, on Mr. Huxley's philosophy of comfort. But such a renunciation of effort has a depth of meaning which can be reached probably only at the cost of incalculable suffering. Although the advocates of this philosophy may urge that men can best insure their own comfort by promoting that of their neighbours, yet with each man the assurance will still remain that his own welfare is for him the first consideration, and that if, from whatever cause, he should be un-

able to secure for every one that state of perfect ventilation and cleanliness, together with that adequate supply of food and clothing which the ideal of the new philosophy requires, his instinct and his duty will alike impel him, in the words of the Septuagenarian, to "strew his path, so far as he may, with flowers, and to enjoy his present share of the blessings around us," and will justify him in regarding this as "the great business of life." Can we look without dismay on the growth of such a feeling as this, when we remember how great an amount of iniquity even now exists which human law can never reach, when we think of hard and griping masters, of disingenuous and treacherous servants, of envious and malicious workmen, who take care to keep themselves clear of the law, and when we see finally that the new philosophy, which preaches an exalted asceticism, really furnishes for all this pitiless selfishness a full and fatal sanction? It is useless for the advocates of the new creed of unbelief to say that such men will be neglecting their duty and going against their own sense of right, and that men will find out in the long run that they cannot act as they like, that law and custom are too strong for them, and that society will put them down if they evade or defy its rules. It is a patent fact that there are confessedly many forms of evil-doing which human law does not even profess to punish; that of the men who choose these forms of selfishness, very few seem to exhibit any uneasiness of conscience, or to suffer any special discomfort; and that, least of all, can we look to society for aid in the repression of evils which it rather favours as the sources of not a little of its self-satisfaction and importance.

Yet, we should unhesitatingly say that law is not weakened because human legislation cannot touch all real malefactors; and thus we are brought to the final issue on which, not merely the welfare, but even the existence of society depends. For when we draw this distinction between law and human enactment, it is obvious that by the former term we must mean the principle of which the great tragic poet speaks as enduring eternally in God.* In no other way is it possible to define law without depriving it of that character without which it must cease to be a really constraining power. The work of law can be done effectually only in the measure in which men feel that, do what they will,

they cannot escape from it. But with the philosophy of negation a mode of escape is provided at each man's will. Whatever cause may render him weary of his sojourn in this world, there is no need for him to jump the life to come; for this term implies that he rushes into an unseen danger to avoid a present difficulty, whereas, according to the new creed, there is no life to be lived and no danger to be faced. The man who so takes himself away from a world in which he has either failed or made himself too many enemies, may indeed be called a coward; he may be told that he is shamefully withdrawing himself from a sphere in which he might have worked with credit, and that the shame and misery of his deed will remain as a terrible bequest to those whom he leaves behind him. But all this pleading may fall upon deaf ears: and to the retort that he cares nothing for these reproaches, that he has no post in the social order which he can be charged with deserting, and that, if so be, he stands alone in the world without kith or kin to be affected by his life or his death, there is obviously no reply. We may go further, and say that the denunciations of suicide in which some upholders of the new philosophy indulge, may be after all nothing more than a passing fashion. The ethics of the "Porch" have already justified it; and there can be no essential reason why a new creed should not justify it again. If we look about for the signs of such a consummation, we can scarcely say that they are wholly lacking. Apart from the desperation arising from great crimes or great poverty, the mere fact of intense physical suffering must suggest a mode of escape against which nothing less than that conviction of the reality of Divine law which constitutes the essence of Christianity can be an effectual safeguard. We have already of late years had hints which carry us back to the ideal polity of Sir Thomas More. Why, it is asked, should men submit to live on in conditions of hopeless suffering and incurable disease, and why, even if they are willing so to live on, should they be suffered to remain a torment to themselves and a source of anxiety and wretchedness to all around them? In the Utopia the exit of such persons must have the sanction of the priest and council; but the man who has struggled vainly against an overwhelming poverty, or who dreads the penalties of human law, is not likely to care much or to wait for such a sanction. On the assumption of the negative creed, that death ends everything, there is nothing to restrain him from the

* Sophocles, *Œd. Tyr.* 864-870.

supreme act which is to cut short his misery or free him from his dangers: and on the other hand there is nothing to prevent the State from ridding itself of its useless members as well as of its incorrigible criminals. Such a course would be but a justifiable extension of the practice which Spartan law enforced in the case of weakly infants, and which the codes of some tribes and nations have applied to the aged.

Nor is this all. The poor, the sick, and the suffering constitute large classes of mankind; and to these Mr. Huxley's philosophy of comfort, not less than the asceticism of some who in name are his antagonists, comes as a miserable mockery. Christianity, it is true, had solaced such by telling them that, although the world might seem to go against them, nothing could take them out of the Father's hands; but the prophets of the new creed will have it that they preach to such a more comforting gospel when they assure them that the beauty of their resignation and of their self-sacrifice lies in the very fact that it must all go for nothing. These may be so mocked, perhaps, with impunity; but there remains a larger class on whom the experiment cannot be tried safely, and it is with these most assuredly that the new gospel will be most effectually tested. Here again let us picture to ourselves the wild and lawless men of this class, not as going on in a state of misty uncertainty, but as really indoctrinated with this negative creed, and as fairly convinced that, though their united efforts will certainly achieve some improvement in the condition of their children, or their children's children, still for themselves, with their utmost toil, the change will be inappreciable. Let us suppose them to be thoroughly convinced that here they can hope for no escape from an incessant and grinding toil, and that this condition comes of mere chance, or has been imposed upon them by a Being who has willed that death shall be their final extinction. Can we for an instant doubt the nature of the commentary which they would draw up on such a creed as this? On such an hypothesis not only is all inducement taken away for entering on a course of incessant exertion to which they foresee so infinitesimally small a recompense, but an enormous impetus is given to the natural instinct to which a shorter cut to ease and plenty must be always preferable. No logic can satisfactorily convince such men that, since at death all men die for ever, they who have nothing here should submit quietly to a state of things which they may think it in their power at

any time to remedy. Why should others roll in wealth, or look down on wide-spreading lands, while these are in grinding want? If it be right that all men should have enough, can this be accepted as a reason why some men should have too much? Surely this must suffice to show that such reasoning as this, sanctioned as it undoubtedly would be by the negative philosophy of comfort, is fraught with the greatest danger to the very order of society, and that the issue must be a dire catastrophe unless we can make men feel the constraining power of law. But it is impossible that this force can be fully felt by any who deny that Will has had any share in bringing about the Cosmos as we see it. Even human law has power simply as it expresses the will of the State; and unless there be a Will which comes in to take up that which the State from the very nature of things must leave undone, it is obvious that our notion of law must be bounded by the expression of the will of the State; and as from this will we can set ourselves free whenever we please, it follows that for us there exists really no law at all, and that our code of ethics can be at best nothing more than a set of expedient rules. In other countries the danger is felt in another form; and the minds of prudent men are filled with misgivings at the distorted views and the utter hopelessness which constitute a standing menace to the existence of the State. Here probably we have the clearest illustration of the mode in which the negative philosophy works. Bounded strictly to the horizon of our life here, the politicians who take up this creed refuse naturally to survey the history of nations as a whole, or to regard themselves and their own work as very small and insignificant units in the great sum which represents the results of human experience. Not less naturally do they expect that the issue of events going on in their own time shall be in accordance with their sense of the fitness of things; and if it be not such, they give way to a disappointment which finds vent in menaces against the existing order of society, and is determined to see and allow no improvement which they have not themselves helped to bring about. In short, the systems of these political and social unbelievers respectively exhibit a somewhat ludicrous contrast. While the latter hold that if only we "control the feelings of our religious nature," and shut our eyes to everything but the present, we may soon hope to convert the world into a paradise of comfort, to the other no improvement in material well-being, no al-

leviation of poverty, no multiplication of wealth, no extension of national resources, is of the least value, unless they can look forward to the realization of certain political ideas. To the former the task of lessening the physical sufferings of the working classes, and of improving their powers by education, affords an ample field for human energy; the latter are as much absorbed by aspirations for the future of humanity as ever the most enthusiastic religious dreamers are led away by aspirations after a future heaven; and as in some countries there is much to chill such political aspirants, so nothing can be more utterly desponding, nothing more buried in gloom, than the view which such thinkers take of the present condition and the prospects whether of Europe or of the world. To men who admit that they "cannot heal by exorcisms the cruel wounds inflicted by fortune, and for whom there is no immortality apart from the contribution which each mind makes to the intellectual capital of humanity,"* in other words, for whom there exists no Eternal Will working out its purpose undeviatingly through all ages, it seems absurd to compare the condition of one nation or age with that of another, and in such a general comparison to mark the signs which indicate a real, although it may be a slow, improvement. To such men it matters nothing that a tyranny which was once universal is now becoming daily more restricted in its sphere, and has from many lands passed away altogether; that slavery is for the most part a thing of the past, and that everywhere the effort is to raise the ignorant and uneducated rather than to repress them. To them the abolition of Russian serfdom, the accomplishment of Italian unity, are nothing so long as a single political institution remains which cannot be made to square with their ideal of humanity. It is thus abundantly clear (and we can scarcely lay too great stress on the fact) that religious enthusiasm is by no means the only feeling in our nature which must, according to the gospel of mortality, be kept in check, and that political dreamers are likely to give quite as much trouble as the men who will have it that there is a higher and a better life to follow the present one. To those who will allow their mind to range over all the phenomena of human existence, and who will not suffer its action to be repressed in any direction by artificial barriers, there is nothing

surprising in this contrast, nothing perplexing in the inert contentment of the one, and the feverish restlessness of the other. To such thinkers the optimism which sees in the present condition of things all practically that men can long for, is a mere accident to which changes by no means impossible in the social and political fabric may give a rude and perhaps fatal shock. Nor will the hopeless despondency of the atheistical regenerators of society appear to such anything more than a necessary result of the law which the Roman satirist expressed in the homely phrase that though we may cast out nature with a pitchfork, it will still come back again. Even on a narrower view it furnishes a sufficient refutation of the confident statement of the Septuagenarian that "in the study of this world man will find abundant scope for the exercise of his highest faculties."

Nor can we well wonder if this thought should awaken in some who do not share these doubts and see no reason for this despondency, a feeling of resentment against the dogmatism whether of the cheerful or the cheerless school of human regenerators. In no point perhaps has this dogmatism assumed a more offensive form than when it has professed to deal with the ideas of retribution or recompense as connected with a life to come. It is, of course, possible that the imperfection of language may have led to some inadequate or misleading expressions of these ideas; but it is fully time to grapple with the objections urged against them, and to determine their real value. It is unphilosophical to be deterred by taunts, sometimes rude and coarse enough, against the mercenariness which will not be contented with the reward of a good conscience for a virtuous life on earth — by the loud assertion that the idea of future retribution is altogether unworthy of such a being as man, and that that man's virtue must be mean and sordid indeed which can be maintained only by the hope of reward. These taunts assume many shapes, for the thinkers who seek to build up an ethical code on the exclusive basis of the present life are never weary of hunting down an idea against which they profess to have imbibed a peculiar animosity. Such thinkers are especially fond of recurring to the analogy of childhood, and of arguing from the restriction of their ideas in a life which has barely passed its dawn to the possibility of educating men in a morality which shall exclude all reference to any other life than the present; and the absurdity of the con-

* "De l'autre Rive." It is scarcely necessary to say more of the blankness of despair which marks the thoughts and reveries of M. Herzén.

trary notion is regarded as sufficiently exposed by representing a man as pleading before the tribunal of God, that the study of His acts and the following of His Spirit which would suffice his soul for countless ages will not suffice for fifty years—that for so short a time it is not worth his while to be enlightened by His truth and cheered and warmed by His love.

Without insisting here on the further admission involved in these words, it is enough for the present to repeat that such objections really strike at the root of law, to which all limitations of time must be fatal. In the mind of the child the idea of law is, or may be, awakened without any such limitations, for the life which he lives is to him practically one which has no end. It would, as we have seen, be quite otherwise if he were taught and clearly convinced that in a few years he would be wholly freed from this constraint, and that if he should happen to die he would be freed from it at once. This idea of limitation, heightened as it must be by the utter uncertainty of human life here and by the absolute certainty of death, must be subversive of the principle of law. It is absurd under such circumstances to speak of law as the expression of the Divine Nature, because it is impossible for the human mind to conceive of a Divine Being as asserting a principle from which the creature who is subject to it can, if he pleases, at any moment make his escape. We cannot imagine ourselves as acquiescing in law, if we really believe that the law is a mere thing of our own devising, and that it originates absolutely in ourselves; we cannot imagine men as passing daily and hourly out of the dominion of law, and as ceasing to be affected by the sum and results of all their actions. Hence it becomes manifest that it is not the idea of recompense or reward which lies at the root of the notion of a future life, and that the man who has reached the highest point of Christian generosity and self-devotion is the man who will most yearn not for pay as for work already done, but for a continued life in Him from whom all good thoughts and all just works proceed. In short, the longing for continued life in God which must be keenest in the best of men is but one aspect of the love of God. Hence all the objections urged against the phrases of recompense and reward are summarily swept away; and it becomes clear that the denial of this continued existence attributes to the Divine Being an arbitrary interference in the case of every man for the express purpose of extinguish-

ing for ever a love which His Spirit has kindled and fostered in them. But it would be both injudicious and cowardly to stop here. Even if we were to allow, far more unreservedly than we can, the assertion of the Septuagenarian that nearly all the evil and suffering in this world is remediable, the fact would remain that the successful application of these remedies belongs to a dim and distant future, and that the condition of man, as known to us thus far, exhibits phenomena which flatly contradict the optimist philosophy. Every day we may see some of the gentlest and most innocent of mankind stretched out on a bed of hopeless suffering; and it would be a monstrous recurrence to a code which these optimists would be the first to condemn in their opponents, were we to say that such suffering was in every case the result of evil-doing in the sufferer. It is monstrous to suppose that such instances of irremediable suffering can be disposed of in this senseless and heartless fashion. But from this small minority, if it be such, we may pass to survey the immense majority for whom life, on any theory which shuts out hope for the future, must be utterly dark and cheerless. It is, we have contended, indisputable that the utmost efforts of the lowest classes in some of our large towns could not, if carried through several generations, raise them much above the condition which is now that of the average agricultural labourer; and it is therefore absurd to suppose that these unfortunate sufferers could possibly have an adequate motive for perseverance, if they were positively assured that each individual man had absolutely nothing to hope for beyond that which he might be able to achieve in this life. Nay more, it is worse than absurd, it is mere infatuation to suppose that this unqualified assertion that man reaches his final extinction in death would fail to furnish to the more selfish and the less impressive for good a most powerful motive to snatch from their richer neighbours the wealth which they regard as a grossly unjust superfluity. The denial that man has a life which will last beyond the span of his sojourn here is an irresistible argument in favour of an uncompromising Communism.

Some, indeed, among the assertors of this negative philosophy have, we believe, the assurance to say that, although this may be logically true, yet most men are but children, and will go on in the task of improving themselves if they receive due aid and encouragement, without pausing to think that in a few years at furthest

their energy and its effects will for themselves alike have to come to an end, and that, as their business is with the present, it is useless to remind them of the final catastrophe which awaits us all. We can imagine the outburst of indignation with which language of such transparent dishonesty would be greeted, if it fell from the lips of men whom these enlightened thinkers are pleased to stigmatize as the unreasoning adherents of a worn-out faith; and this more than Jesuitical shuffling ceases to be amazing only if we suppose that it comes from persons who with their belief in God have shaken off the obligation of speaking the truth. If it be a fact that men at death are blotted out of existence, then it is unquestionably one which should be proclaimed aloud everywhere in season and out of season; and the repression of the instinct which leads men from the present into the future becomes the pressing and paramount task of our lives. Not only is it cruel to allow men to continue under the dominion of feelings which are doomed to utter disappointment; but beyond doubt, whatever solace the hope of continued life may bring with it, it interferes indefinitely with that tranquil enjoyment or animal sensuousness which it is the great object of the negative philosophy to foster, and which, on the hypothesis of its truth, becomes our highest wisdom. Nay, more, in a vast number of cases this hope entails, as we have insisted, a large amount of actual suffering; and it is the first duty of these friends of humanity to relieve their fellow-men from the unnecessary burden, by convincing them of its complete futility. But however much they may for the present withdraw their blank negation into the background, it will be impossible for any long time to keep the knowledge of it away from those who are likely to use it for the bettering of their circumstances here. Sooner or later the conviction, if it should prove the truth, will become practical, and the lesson so learnt may be carried out with a force which will sweep away every obstacle from its path.

It comes, briefly, to this, that, if the negative philosophy be true, we may by preaching up an absurd and groundless asceticism awaken in some men a morbid enthusiasm for the improvement of their fellow-creatures, but to the immense majority we have nothing to say but what is fraught with the worst of dangers for the whole framework of society. In short, for the poor, the sick, the suffering, the ignorant, and the degraded, we have no gos-

pel, and the world must awaken, after a delusion of two thousand years, to the sober realities of life as they were apprehended by the countrymen of Demosthenes and Plato. Nay, we have to go still further back, for, whereas Socrates is represented as confessing in the "Gorgias" his conviction that death is not the closing of our existence, and his duty, based on this conviction, of appearing before his Judge in the healthiest possible condition of mind and soul, we are to be told now that all such talk is at best a perilous or useless waste of time. There is, in truth, no end to the negations thus furnished to all that appears highest and most noble in the lives of the best of men. It is absurd, according to this theory, to allow the mind to be agitated by considerations which have not an exclusive reference to our present concerns; and our business is to realize, so far as we may be able, a state of absolute quietism, which renders indispensable a number of conditions far beyond the requirements of the happy man of Aristotelian ethics. An ample sufficiency of means he must possess; it is impossible that a man in a state of poverty can feel a real satisfaction in the state in which he finds himself. He must be surrounded by good friends, and these friends must, like himself, have ample resources in money or lands; the disturbance of his mind at the sight of their discomforts will interfere with that tranquil enjoyment of present blessings which is the paramount object of life. Above all, he must have nothing to sadden him in his home. His wife and his children must be all that he can desire. If he has to mourn in them any defects which are beyond the reach of human powers of healing; if they are laid prostrate by sudden sickness which cuts off all hope of restoration to full bodily strength; if they fall into evil courses, that is to say, into courses which the master of the house is disposed to regard as evil, or to condemn as injudicious and impolitic, it is clear that his mind must be racked by anxieties altogether unsuitable for a being who should live so serenely as man. It is true that to all whom mankind are disposed to look upon as their benefactors the life thus sketched out must appear not merely distasteful but revolting. In every one of these points their lives have run in a different channel, and to shut up these channels would be in their judgment to return to the ways of brute beasts. From these we differ in our capacities of overpassing the limits of time and space, in the conviction of law,

and of consequent responsibility and duty, in that wide sense of the words which involves the utter condemnation of the profound selfishness which from the negative philosophy receives a solemn sanction. By acting according to this higher portion of their nature they who are the salt of the earth have made the world what it is; but that earnest trust which alone has strengthened them for their work, and supported them under the severest trials or the heaviest griefs, is now to be set down as a delusion, or calmly dismissed as an idle habit of building castles in the air. Surely we have had enough of this. So long as the breeze is favourable the bark of human life may float pleasantly on the sea of a tranquil selfishness; but in the presence of sterner conditions the negative creed is paralyzed. It has nothing to say to the man who has been ruined by the wickedness of others, or to whom the accidental miscarriage of human law has caused irreparable mischief,—still less to the man who, born under conditions of squalid wretchedness, passes his life in a misery the removal of which for himself and all about him must at the best be the work of many generations. We may be pardoned if we refuse to go further. The philosophy which preaches an irrational asceticism for enthusiasts, but for the great mass of mankind deifies selfishness, resolves the phenomena of human life into a series of absurdities which culminate in a monstrous and cruel mockery; and we are brought to the irresistible conclusion that the philosophy must be false from beginning to end. If, in order to make the phenomena of life square with the terms of this philosophy, we are obliged to distort facts, or, what is even worse, to keep them out of sight, we are fully justified in treating the system with contempt, while we denounce it as a frightful calamity to those who may be entangled in the web of its sophistry.

Hence, by the mere process of examining its arguments, we have been brought to a point involving inferences of paramount importance. If the hypothesis that no creating Mind and no ruling Will guides the cosmos and orders the affairs of men involves us in innumerable absurdities, then it follows that that Divine Mind and Will exist, and that with this Being we have a close and intimate relation. In short, every belief on which the trust of the Christian rests not only receives its full justification, but is established on evidence which is regarded as sufficient proof for the conclusions of mathematical science. It is time

to say this plainly. It is time to insist that the one basis on which alone the principle of an abiding law, as contrasted with the enactments of a mere expediency, can possibly rest, is not a subject of speculation as vague and uncertain as it may be interesting. It is time to tell these destroyers of all that can free a man from the tyranny of circumstances, that the expectation of immortality is not an idle dream, but that it is in harmony with a vast array of admitted facts, which even they cannot venture to ignore; and in so saying we shall be doing but scant justice to men of whom the world is not worthy, but to whom these preachers of blank doubt or unbelief ascribe almost all the evils that can afflict humanity. We have had more than enough of the dogmatism which quietly assures us that the essential belief of Christians in all ages has been a gigantic and disastrous mistake; which charges the great Apostle of the Gentiles with propagating a mischievous and baneful delusion, and gives the lie to the teaching of Him who bade the poor in heart and the unselfish to rejoice in the thought that their reward shall be great in heaven.

In truth, these systems of blank incertitude or of positive negation are really more inadequate, more partial, and more narrow than even most of those traditional notions about the details of the future life which may fairly be charged with extravagance. The science which fails to account for the phenomena which form its subject-matter must be incomplete or fallacious; and of the ethics which are framed with exclusive reference to this life only, it may be safely said that they put out of sight almost all the facts with which they are bound to deal. It is absurd to look on man only as an animal who has a stomach to be filled, or certain social instincts and affections to be gratified. By any philosophy which professes to deal with him at all, he must be regarded as a whole; and thus regarded, he is, on the hypothesis that at the end of his journey he is blotted out of existence, the one gigantic failure in creation. For this hypothesis compels us to contrast with man the physical order of the universe, whether in the movements of the world around us or in all the countless forms of vegetable and of animal life except his own. It compels us to note that in the former everything fulfils its purpose, and fulfils it completely; that in the latter all wants are fully satisfied and all capacity has its full exercise; while in man alone we have a being who sees before him a work which he scarcely more than begins—a perfect-

tion which he knows that he can never reach here — a standard of right to which he feels that on earth he can never attain — yearning for a Truth, a Purity, a Justice and Love, of which here he can catch but dim and fitful glimpses. There is not a man who seeks to know things as they are, but feels that his mind has powers capable of doing more than ever he can accomplish here; there is not a man whose heart is quickened with love for those among whom his lot is cast, but feels that his love is but a feeble measure of that to which, if growth be permitted, he is capable of attaining, — not one to whom the interposition of an arbitrary barrier of time would fail to bring with it a paralyzing and fatal chill, — not one to whom the present life is not a school for the awakening of his faculties rather than a field for their adequate exercise — not one in whom the thought that death is a blotting out of human existence would fail to leave the conviction that not only is man on this hypothesis a horrible and ludicrous failure, but that of all men he who has hope in Christ is altogether the most miserable. This world of facts involved in the phenomena of human nature the philosophy of the Septuagenarian lightly sets aside, and the negative philosophy summarily and persistently ignores. It follows that the former has no legitimate claims to our attention, and that the latter, as a scientific system (and as such only can it have any value whatever), is worthless and false.

It is here, we believe, that the great task lies for all who are anxious to check the flood of this false philosophy: and we cannot but regret that on the whole so little has been done towards the working of a field which, almost without metaphor, is being filled with tares sprung from the seed of mere dogmatism. Here, as in many other things, our highest duty as well as our best policy is to go forward; and we shall find that the arguments by which some allow themselves to be frightened or to be cheated of their highest hopes are very much like the apples of the Dead Sea. If this task involved the necessity of answering dogmatism by dogmatism, we should not have the assurance of success which we now feel, nor should we perhaps regard with regret the time and pains bestowed on the maintenance of defences which we believe now call for comparatively little vigilance. In the general dearth of works which, in dealing with this great question, advance step by step from the evidence of fact, we welcome with more than satisfaction the volume in

which Mr. Griffith has sought to show that the phenomena of the world are in harmony with the fundamentals of true Christian belief, and not with any other. It would not, we think, be difficult to show that the writings even of those who profess to deny altogether the continued existence of man after death abound in admissions fatal to their own conclusions, while they go far towards justifying those of their adversaries; but there can be no question that writers who have honestly desired to guide and strengthen the faith of their countrymen have exhibited a strange timidity in pushing the arguments in their own favour, and that this timidity has too often betrayed itself in invectives, or in mere appeals to authority, or to the collective wisdom of our best and deepest thinkers, which are sadly out of place in such a controversy, and fail therefore to carry the least weight. From both these faults Mr. Griffith is singularly free; and it would not be easy to point to a book the perusal of which would be more wholesome and beneficial to all who feel oppressed by the authoritative verbiage of modern negative philosophy. With sound judgment he resolves to reason strictly from facts; but with equal judgment he insists that though all wisdom must begin with facts in every department of thought, it must not terminate with them. "Facts have their meaning, and this meaning must be evolved from them. The relations which they bear must be noted out. The suggestions which they furnish must be followed out. Newton indeed said, 'I invent not hypotheses.' Yet Newton refused not to admit the widest inferences from the simplest facts." Nor can we too strongly assert with him that an inference "is but a conclusion which facts not only suggest but require for their legitimate interpretation. . . . What certainty have we of anything that we call a fact, which does not rest upon the inferences that our senses are to be relied on, that our powers of observation are to be relied on, that our power of memory is to be relied on, that the senses of others are to be relied on, that their testimony to what those senses report is to be relied on?"

The vagueness which leads a man to ignore or not to apprehend this relation of facts and the conclusions to which they point, is among the most serious faults of the writers, of whom the Septuagenarian may, on the whole, be fairly taken as a representative. They have no wish to be irreverent: they would perhaps shrink from being classed with the thinkers who

banish God from the universe; but by insisting that our law and morality are to be framed and upheld without reference to the Divine will, or, at the best, without regard to any relations which may continue to subsist between man and his Maker beyond the span of our life here, they practically range themselves under their banner, while from time to time they make use of expressions which, in their isolation, are shorn of half their force, or which become even absolutely unmeaning. Thus at the outset of the argument, which winds up with the unqualified assertion that a future life is not required to supplement the present one, the Septuagenarian maintains that the will of God is "that we should endeavour to advance the well-being of His creatures." But we may ask at once, to what purpose it may be to adduce illustrations from the trust of a child who refuses to infer the malevolence of its parent because it is bidden to put away its playthings and go to lessons, so long as our relations to the Divine Parent are left an open question, or put on one side as matters of uncertain, though perhaps interesting, speculation? What right have we to argue from the predominance of good in the general scheme of the world to "the benevolence of its Author," if we are to believe that His benevolence to us individually may be limited to a few years, or a few months? How can we venture to say that "our faith in God's wisdom and goodness is not to be shaken," if we are to regard it as not merely possible but certain that thousands may pass out of existence having defied Divine law, while keeping themselves clear of the penalties of human law, and that in these cases the law cannot vindicate itself? If in spite of all the evil in the world, in spite of the vice, ignorance, and degradation which seem to present an almost insuperable barrier to those who would lessen and remove it, we may still believe that the God who made and sustains all things is holy and righteous; or, as the Septuagenarian puts it, is benevolence; then we can at once maintain fearlessly that a number of inferences not noted by such thinkers follow, beyond all possibility of dispute. If He be really good and just, then it is impossible that a state of things which frequently exhibits the most shocking injustice can be the final one for mankind collectively or for each individual man. It is impossible that any should be allowed to go through a career of successful iniquity, and pass away out of the hand even of the eternal God. It is impossible that God can have nothing in

store for those whose life here has been full of the extremest suffering; it is impossible that, because they chance to die, He will deprive them of that love which has been to them their life, that henceforth they shall know nothing more of Him whose righteousness has filled their hearts with thankfulness, even while outwardly all things seemed to be against them. It is impossible that He should allow men to strive on with the utmost energy of their will, in the full purpose that at no distant date all this striving shall for them personally end in nothing. It is impossible that He should allow all men, more or less, to indulge hopes which, on the hypothesis of their being false, must be not only delusive but mischievous; and that he should suffer the best and the most devoted of men to go about cheating themselves and their fellows with the dreams of enthusiasts or of madmen, and insisting that apart from these dreams there can be no true basis for justice, morality, and law. But if all these things are impossible, if on any other supposition the idea of Divine benevolence becomes a mere absurdity or a monstrous mockery, then it follows with equal certainty that the contradictions of these propositions are not only possible but true; not only matters of interesting speculation, but actual facts. To insist on the Divine wisdom, goodness, and benevolence, and to refuse to admit these inferences, is not more or less logical and wise than if a man who insisted that the whole is greater than its parts should deny absolutely that two straight lines cannot inclose a space.

The argument which would infer the falsity of the belief in human immortality from the persecuting conduct of some who have professed that belief, is really irrelevant. The fact that men cannot be dragged into goodness is no more a proof that nothing good exists anywhere, than the miscarriages of human law are evidence that law itself is without power. We have to look not to the behaviour of men, but to the nature of God, as it is represented even by those thinkers who seek to leave the belief in a life to come an open question; and if we so look, we shall see that not only law and human obligation have their basis in this conviction, but that only thus can the phenomena of human life be surveyed without feelings of indescribable depression and pain. If there be not over all things One who has, as we have, the will to suppress all evil, and with it the power, which we share with Him in our insignificant measure, to

accomplish that will, then all hope, and striving, and effort are indeed vain, and, in Mr. Mill's words, the Being with whose qualities we have nothing in common may be one who can enforce submission, but cannot attract or have any claim to our love.* But if these assertions be, as they are, utterly false, we can at once resign ourselves to Him with absolute confidence that He will in the end justify His ways to us and to all men.

For the present we wish to insist chiefly on the mistake made by most of the thinkers who are opposed to the philosophy whether of incertitude or of blank negation, and to urge the pressing need of taking up a wholly new position with reference to both. We are under no necessity of resorting to authority; nor have we any hesitation in saying that the adoption even of true conclusions, on the mere plea of authority, must deprive those conclusions practically of all their force and value. We can do far more. We can insist that no philosophical system can fairly

challenge our attention until it can account for and explain all the phenomena of human nature, or at least the most important and prominent among them. We can show that the new philosophy, whether of those who leave everything in doubt, or of those who put an end to all doubt by blank denial, derives its plausibility from the narrowness of its view, and takes into account a ridiculously small portion of these phenomena. We can maintain that terms which they choose to employ must be employed in their plain and obvious meaning, and that if they enunciate propositions in which those terms are used, we are entitled to draw the inferences logically involved in those propositions; that these inferences include all that Christian faith and hope demand; and that on a survey of the whole field of the discussion, the trust of those who are sure that their own life is involved in the life of God is emphatically justified, while the uncertainty or unbelief of these opponents must be dismissed as not merely unsupported by evidence, but as being in itself unphilosophical.

* "Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy."

THE Bishop of Augsburg is restoring the St. Ulrich's Church, which is one of the most important buildings in the town. The church derives peculiar interest from the fact that it is a very beautiful example of late Gothic, at the moment when late Gothic was developing into early Renaissance. The fittings of the interior are indeed all but pure Renaissance. The ordinary course of the modern restorer would be to remove these at once, as being out of keeping with the rest of the edifice. But the works at Augsburg seem to be conducted with the discretion which accompanies thorough knowledge. The restorers of the St. Ulrich's Church are not unmindful of the fact that the so-called industrial art of any given epoch is always in advance by some years of the style prevailing in those great main branches the study of which demands the acquisition of sound scientific knowledge. It is in the minor and more facile departments of internal fittings, furniture, and decorations that we must look for those germs of change which appear as pioneers breaking the way before the coming of a great new style. The fittings of the St. Ulrich's Church are therefore to remain in their places, and even the repainting and gilding is to be kept within modest limits. The high altar, which has been happily called a translation from the late Gothic into the Renais-

sance tongue, seems to have been originally somewhat over-gilt; this defect has now disappeared through the action of time, and great care will be taken not to reproduce it. The fine ironwork, which was formerly thrust into an unobserved portion of the building, is to be brought into a suitable and prominent position; and it is proposed to fill the empty windows with stained glass. St. Ulrich's, in short, will now reassume its rightful place, and take rank, after the cathedral, as the second great monument produced by Augsburg in the blossom-moment of the Renaissance.

Academy.

KAULBACH's "Todtentanz," begun many years ago, is at last given to the public. In one portion figures Pio Nono, who, as the champion of Infallibility, triumphantly holds aloft the keys of St. Peter with which he has locked the doors behind him. In spite of all precautions, Death enters in the guise of a Garibaldian with the red cap on his head. In like manner throughout, the old motive is made to carry allusions to all the special questions of the day. The work is published by Hanfstängel at Munich.

Academy.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE BURGOMASTER'S FAMILY: OR WEAL AND WOE IN A LITTLE WORLD.

BY CHRISTINE MULLER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE DUTCH BY SIR JOHN SHAW LEFEVRE.

STRENGTHENED by these good resolutions, Emmy started up from her couch.

In the middle of the night, in the very same hour that her decision had become ripe, she wrote to Elizabeth.

Not in detail, but in broad features, such as were necessary to make her understand; she took Elizabeth into her confidence, and commissioned her to ascertain Bruno's address as soon as he should arrive in Dilburg, under the condition of the strictest secrecy, even as regarded Lieutenant Smit, and with the promise of further explanations on the first opportunity of meeting her.

When this letter was written and sealed, for the first time a calmness came over Emmy since the day she had found Bruno's letters; for the first time she had a quiet sleep, which revived and strengthened her, and enabled her to meet her husband with the necessary composure in the breakfast-room; to let him introduce her to the housekeeper and the other servants, and to place her in her position as his wife, without giving rise by her behaviour to any supposition that anything embarrassed the relations between herself and Siword.

As if by a tacit agreement, Siword on his part seemed also anxious to keep up appearances, before the household, but he seemed to make it his study never for a moment to be alone with his wife, and in making her acquainted with Sollingen and its environs, to which their walks and drives for the first few days were devoted, it was evidently with this object that Seyna and the governess were also of the party.

The fourth day after their arrival at Sollingen was a Sunday.

Early in the morning, at intervals of half an hour, the church bell sounded from the village and Emmy prepared herself to accompany Siword to church, according to his request. Thus far no answer had reached her from Elizabeth, and while dressing she was constantly on the lookout to see the old postman coming with the early post-letters. And when he had arrived she listened anxiously, waiting to know whether Siword would send up a letter to her. A quarter of an hour elapsed without this happening, and she again gave up her hope for the day.

That it is possible to control to a certain extent even the most painful thoughts had been made clear to Emmy during the last few days, and now she again felt equal to maintain an appearance of calmness, notwithstanding her continued uncertainty as to Bruno.

I say an appearance of calmness, and whatever service that appearance rendered her with regard to Siword and those about her, but more than an appearance it was not; for in her inmost mind there was still the same struggle, the same despairing sorrow, which made itself felt with still greater force whenever she had suppressed it for a moment, but now, when the letter so eagerly expected did not arrive, the fear lest William de Graaff should make some evil use of this correspondence also, and her feeling of helplessness against him, whom she hated as she never before knew that she could hate anyone, brought bitter tears to her eyes, and their traces had scarcely disappeared when she heard the carriage which was to take Siword and herself to church drive up to the door.

Emmy cast a sorrowful look out of the window at the well-appointed carriage and handsome brown horses, and at the neat new liveries of the coachman and servant, all of which might have excited the pardonable pride of a new possessor; but in Emmy's peculiar position all the new appearance of wealth and luxury to which she had not been accustomed caused her an oppression and uncomfortable feeling which she could not shake off.

The impossibility of enjoying it and of being thankful for it came before her mind as a debt towards Siword, a debt which she could never repay, and doubly so as she knew what a great pleasure he had anticipated in surrounding the wife of his choice with these abundant enjoyments, which his large means enabled him to provide.

Sollingen possessed a small but neat village church. The pretty seraphine organ, the pleasant tones of which greeted Siword and Emmy as they entered, was a present to the church from the new lord of Sollingen on the occasion of his marriage, and it toned down in some degree the unbridled singing of the peasants, who were accustomed each after his own fashion and regardless of time or tune, to raise their voices in hymns to heaven. This had probably suggested to Siword the first idea of making the present.

The quietness of the village church, which in this respect is so preferable to a church in a town, where the solemn feeling

that prepares one for worship is lost in crowd and pressure, made an agreeable impression on Emmy. She could not recollect that she had ever prayed or sung so entirely with her whole heart, or had ever listened with such devotion to a sermon as to that of the old minister with his snow-white hair, who stood there with his exhortations and warnings in the midst of his flock as if they were his children.

When in the final petition he introduced a prayer for her and her husband—a prayer for their happiness and for peace in their dwelling and in their hearts—a strong emotion was awakened in her, and, giving way to an impulse which overpowered all other thoughts and sensations, she sought the hand of her husband. And he did not refuse it.

She felt her hand held with a firm grasp till the prayer was ended. A short hymn followed, and Emmy left the church on the arm of her husband, strengthened and more calm than when she entered it.

The uncomfortable consciousness that people were staring at her made her cast down her eyes, and only as she reached the carriage she looked round to respond to the greetings of the bystanders.

At the same instant Siword suddenly felt his arm, upon which Emmy's hand rested, clutched with a convulsive grasp. A half-smothered cry escaped her lips, and, leaning heavily against him in her terror, she was carried rather than walked, and was helped into the carriage by Siword in an almost unconscious condition.

When she was seated in it and had sunk back on the cushions, Siword took advantage of the moment that elapsed before the carriage set off to look round in order to discover the cause of her alarm.

Only strange faces were staring at him, but in that short instant he was struck by the appearance of a young man of fair complexion, who, with hollow, bewildered eyes looked into the carriage, and then quickly disappeared out of sight.

Siword then again turned his attention to Emmy, who, trembling with terror, was evidently making vain efforts to control herself, whilst every particle of colour had deserted her cheeks.

In a few minutes the carriage drove up to the door of the castle, and, without saying a word, Siword helped his wife into the house.

Placing her trembling hand on his arm, he led her upstairs and into her room, where he took off her hat and shawl as if she were a sick child, and made her lie down on the sofa.

He then left the room for a moment and returned with a glass of water.

Emmy willingly allowed him to help her; without speaking, but trembling and with her teeth chattering, she tried to drink the water, but could not succeed, and he took it away; then she started up from her seat, crying out in a wild and despairing tone—

"Siword, I have seen him! I have seen him!" and, bursting into violent sobs, she fell on her knees and buried her face in the cushions of the sofa.

Without in the least understanding what she meant, Siword seemed to conjecture that the long-expected confession would soon follow. Visibly affected and overcome by the signs of deep pain which he witnessed in her, he sat down and took Emmy gently on his knee.

In silence he let her sob upon his breast, only now and then stroking her hair, and patiently waiting till her nervousness was so far composed that she was able to speak. Then he said in a low and tender tone—

"Tell me all now, Emmy; whom have you seen who can affect you thus?"

She still needed a few moments before she could answer him; then she said, hiding her face on his shoulder—

"Bruno Eversberg. Oh, Siword! Siword! it is too terrible."

Her sobs and cries began afresh, and Siword, turning pale at the mention of this name, although he could not attach any particular meaning to it, again spoke to her.

"Emmy, do your best to be calm, and let there be at last an explanation between us; tell me without scruple what relations have existed or still exist between you and this Bruno Eversberg, that his appearance should so upset you."

Then she told him all.

At first slowly and with hesitation, but faster and calmer as her confession proceeded.

She told him of her love for Bruno, of her secret engagement, of their separation; of the non-receipt of his letters, detained by William de Graaff; of the confirmation of her doubts by Siword's own announcement of Bruno's marriage, and of the finding of the letters on her wedding-day.

He did not interrupt her. He let her tell him all, but his countenance was pale and rigid, and he held his teeth fast set, as if a struggle were going on within him to which he did not venture to give the smallest expression.

When Emmy had finished, he released her from his arms and made her sit by him.

He then got up and walked up and down the room two or three times in silence, till he came and stood before her, and laid his hand upon her head, and said gently, whilst he lifted up her tearful face towards him —

"Poor child! you should have let me into your confidence before. Try now to be calm and to take some rest."

He brought a pillow out of the bedroom, helped her to take a comfortable resting position, drew the curtain so as to temper the bright daylight, sprinkled her forehead and cheeks with *eau-de-Cologne*, and sat by her on a chair close to the sofa, with one of her cold, trembling hands between his.

When at last she seemed to have become calm he let go her hand, and, stepping gently and cautiously, so as not to disturb her, he left the room.

Half an hour afterwards Siword went out of the castle and, going down the hill, bent his steps towards the "Sollingen Arms." It was one of those warm, sunny September days with the fresh, bracing air which distinguish autumn.

The height of the season was over for Sollingen; most of the visitors of the hotel had gone to their homes, and the few families still remaining there were on the point of leaving and were enjoying the autumn afternoon, drinking their coffee in the broad verandah which extended along the front of the house.

Siword walked slowly along the verandah, and as he bowed to the visitors he cast a long, searching glance at them, without, however, seeming to find the object of his search.

After going round the house, he went in at the back door and talked a little to the manager, who was smoking a pipe in his shirt-sleeves, and enjoying a pleasant Sunday holiday. Siword asked him —

"Is anyone lodging here of the name of Eversberg?"

The manager considered for a moment, while to assist the clearness of his head, he scratched it with the handle of his pipe.

"Monsieur perhaps means the young man who has the great front room upstairs. He came the day before yesterday, and I think there is the letter E. — B. E., if I don't mistake — upon his trunk; but his name I don't know. He takes his meals upstairs, but they mostly come down untouched. My wife thinks he is ill. Yesterday I saw him go towards the

castle, where he walked for hours. This morning he has been out for half an hour, and when he came home he looked so terribly ill, that my wife sent me upstairs to see whether anything was the matter with him. He seems, however, to be an irritable sort of gentleman, astonishingly irritable; he hardly gave me an answer."

"Is he a young man with light hair?" asked Siword.

"Yes, sir. Perhaps he is an acquaintance of Monsieur's?"

Siword seemed to think it unnecessary to reply; at least he only answered by a question.

"What is the number of his room?"

"No. 9."

Taking a visiting-card from his pocket-book, Siword called to a waiter who was passing, and desired him to take the card to the gentleman in No. 9, and to ask if he could speak to him for a moment.

The waiter came back in a few minutes somewhat put out, and said —

"The gentleman in No. 9 read the card, tore it up, and refused to see Mr. Hidema."

Siword, however, was not the man to be put off by such a message. He frowned when the waiter brought this message, but the next moment he sent him upstairs again with another card, on which he had written in pencil —

"A matter of the greatest importance obliges me to press for an interview. I will meet you at any hour you will fix."

This time the waiter did not come back so speedily.

When he did come, it was to take Siword upstairs and to open the door of No. 9.

Siword entered the room without hesitation. The sunlight came in unhindered through the two windows at the front of the house, and shone on the great round table in the middle of the room, where the coffee, as well as the second breakfast, stood ready, but quite untouched.

By the side-window, which had a view of the castle, and with a great telescope lying on a smaller table before him, sat the occupant of the room. His back was towards the door, and he remained sitting in the same position till his visitor was already in the room, and the waiter had shut the door after him.

He could not but have observed Siword's entrance. But Siword did not permit himself to be driven from the field by this conduct; and after pausing some moments he advanced a few steps into the middle of the room, waiting composedly

till the stranger should be pleased to take notice of his presence.

When the stranger did so, the same pale, bewildered face which Siword had observed an hour before in the churchyard was now turned upon him, but with an altered expression, for his eyes now sparkled with wrath.

The two men stood opposite each other, Bruno Eversberg with one hand leaning on the table, and half bending over it with trembling, colourless lips, which seemed to prevent him from speaking; Siword Hiddema standing straight upright, with a calm, earnest face, that showed no trace of the feelings which must have animated him in this visit.

"Have I the pleasure of meeting Mr. Eversberg?"

"That pleasure is all on your side, Mr. Hiddema," answered Bruno with a strange, harsh voice. "May I ask by what right you have intruded a visit upon me, which, to say the least of it, is in the highest degree disagreeable?"

"In your own interest, Mr. Eversberg, and in the interest of one who is dear to both of us—in the interest of Emmy."

Now Bruno burst out.

Stamping on the floor, he cried out in a loud, angry tone, "Do not utter her name in my presence, or I shall not be able to prevent myself from throwing you out of the window."

He advanced towards Siword, but even in that instant of boisterous passion he felt the influence of Siword's imperturbable calmness.

Siword, however, did not yield a step.

"Young man," said he, "I shall pronounce the name of my wife as often and wherever it pleases me to do so, and neither you nor anyone else shall hinder me."

Bruno involuntarily yielded to the calm, firm tone of these words.

"Yes, yes; you are right," he said, with a painful, shrill laugh; "you have bought her with your name and your riches, and you have a right to lord it over me in possessing her."

"I know not what means you have used to win her; I know not with what allurements you have enticed her; but I do not envy you. Her heart can have had nothing to do with the bargain which has been made, for her heart belongs to me."

"Why you have forced your presence upon me I do not know, and I do not wish to know. You and I have nothing to do with each other; you and I have nothing in common; but I will tell you why I have come here."

"I have come to hear from her own lips that her heart has been faithful to me. I have come to liberate her from the slavery of a marriage which she cannot have entered into of her own free choice, and to take her away with me in spite of everything."

"I shall not go from here, unless she herself bids me to go; and in that case—then—then only shall I call her to account for the happiness of my life which she has destroyed, and the ring which she gave me as the pledge of her love I will then throw at her feet and stamp upon it."

"Take care of your young wife, Mr. Hiddema! take care of her as the apple of your eye, for I go not from here till I have spoken to her. Day and night I will lurk near your house—days, weeks, months, years, if necessary—but go from here I will not till I have attained my object!"

"That you will not do, Mr. Eversberg."

"And who shall hinder me?"

"Your own feelings of honour and compassion, when you can command yourself sufficiently to give me an opportunity of saying why I am come to you."

"Mr. Eversberg, the violent language which you make use of towards me is doubly unsuitable, for I come as a friend and not as an enemy. The threat you have uttered can have no power, for it is my intention myself to bring you to Emmy. You shall reach her not by secretly lurking in a manner quite unworthy of yourself and of her, but openly and honourably, with my knowledge and with my approval. I will now take the liberty of sitting down for a moment while I tell you what it is fit you should know beforehand."

Bruno's passion had now entirely given way.

Siword's calmness and dignified address made an impression upon him which was stronger than his passion.

When his visitor sat down, he also went back silently to the chair where he had been sitting when Siword entered. With an expression of intense suspense on his face he looked at Siword, while he pushed back his hair from his forehead with a movement peculiar to himself.

"Mr. Eversberg," said Siword, "I must begin by telling you that it is only within this very hour that it has come to my knowledge that any relation existed between my wife and yourself."

"Not that she concealed it from me, but I myself unwittingly kept back her confession when, before our marriage, she wished to make it."

"Let me further tell you that all your letters to her were withheld in a rascally manner by William de Graaff, and I myself brought to Dilburg the news of your marriage in America."

"That was a lie!" exclaimed Bruno, warmly.

"It was a misunderstanding, at all events, Mr. Eversberg; but I am lucky enough to be able to inform you who it was who reported it to me. Do you recollect a naval officer meeting you with a lady on your arm at the opera, and wishing you joy as he passed?"

"De Bruin? Good Heavens! Did he mean that by his congratulations, which I could not understand at the time?"

"Yes; he was under the impression that the lady on your arm was your young wife, and the accidental mention of the circumstance to me, just as I was going to Dilburg, gave occasion to Emmy to think that you had forgotten her.

"Consider, moreover, that, owing to the cessation of your promised letters, she had not heard from you for years, that her position in the house of her stepmother after her father's death was far from enviable, and, taking one thing with another, you must excuse her for not finding any difficulty on your account in accepting my proposal."

"And my letters?" asked Bruno, half maddened by the unexpected discoveries, of which at the first moment, he hardly comprehended the whole sense.

"Your letters were placed in her room by William de Graaff in the very hour that our marriage was celebrated."

"The God-forgetting villain!" cried Bruno; "but he shall not escape punishment."

"Bruno Eversberg," interrupted Siword, in a solemn tone, "you said just now that there could be nothing in common between us; but, at all events, one common interest we have—we both have to watch over Emmy's good name, her peace, and her happiness.

"Whatever the revenge may be that you intend to take of William de Graaff, let it not be such as will drag her name before the public.

"I give you my sacred assurance that had I known these things even one hour before my marriage, however difficult it might have been for me, I would have given up Emmy to you.

"Now it is too late for me to make such a sacrifice, and I therefore ask it of you. That she loves you more than me there is no doubt; and, therefore, I can only say

that both you and I are the victims of the cowardly action of William de Graaff.

"But what has happened cannot be altered.

"It is true that, by consenting to a divorce, I might give back to Emmy her freedom; but under these circumstances, years must pass before she could be yours—years in which, without support and without protection, she would be thrown upon the world with the slur upon her which a divorced wife cannot get rid of.

"To this I will not expose her, neither will you if she is as dear to you as I believe.

"The only thing we can do is all three of us to take up our share of the cross which each of us has to bear with courage and submission; but you and I must both work together not to make Emmy's share heavier than need be; yes, and as far as possible to lighten it for her. This is the common interest which must exist between us, Eversberg; to this we must bind ourselves, and give our hands to each other over that cleft of enmity which the natural feelings of both our hearts have excited between us."

Bruno's head had sunk down upon his breast at the solemn words of Siword, whose countenance and voice expressed deep-felt emotion such as he seldom betrayed.

At his last words he put out his hand to Bruno, who lifted up his head; but emotion equally prevented him from giving an immediate answer. At length he whispered in a hoarse and toneless voice—

"Yes, that I will, so help me God Almighty."

Siword now got up from his chair, and, silently walking up and down the room, gave Bruno an opportunity of recovering from his agitation.

When the unbroken silence had lasted for a time, Siword said—

"Will you come with me to Emmy, to take leave of her?"

Bruno made no answer, but starting up from his seat, took his hat, and the two men walked together in silence to the castle.

CHAPTER XXIII.

GOOD BYE FOR EVER.

"EMMY, are you asleep?"

"No, Siword."

He had come carefully into the half-darkened room, and the absolutely motionless condition in which he found his wife gave rise to this question.

"Are you calm enough, Emmy, to listen now to what I have to say to you?"

"Yes, yes."

She rose up, turning pale even before he spoke, and pressing her hands against her beating temples.

Before speaking Siword began to draw up the curtains, to put in their proper places the chairs which had been drawn forward here and there, and to take away the pillow he had brought for her out of the bedroom.

Then he sat down by her for a moment, and in the same gentle tender tone which he had adopted since her confession, he said—

"Child, I have been with Bruno Eversberg. I have found him at the 'Sollingen Arms,' where he is staying, and I have given him all necessary explanation as to the circumstances which led to your marriage with me."

"Oh, Siword, Siword, why are you so good to me? How can I be grateful enough? Now I can bear everything. Now Bruno will not think ill of me. Can he forgive me? Has he not sent any message?"

These eager questions seemed to hinder Siword a little. He stood up and said—

"What he has to say to you he shall say himself, Emmy. He is downstairs, and is waiting there till I bring him to you."

The sudden alarm and surprise which these words created made her start up, but speechless with emotion. In the next moment she sank down again on the sofa.

She felt rather than saw that Siword had left the room.

She heard footsteps coming upstairs—footsteps at the door of the room.

She dared not look up. She hid her face in her hands.

The first thing she was conscious of was the entrance of some one into the room, whilst some one else outside the door withdrew.

A moment later Bruno Eversberg knelt before her, his face hidden in her lap, whilst their united sobs were the only sound that broke the silence of the room. . . .

"Bruno! Bruno! that we should meet again thus!" whispered Emmy.

But he could not speak; his arms held her fast, and broken, uninterrupted sobs came forth from his breast.

Yet he was the first of the two to come to his senses. Disengaging himself from Emmy, he slowly got up.

"Can you forgive me, Bruno, that I doubted you? Oh! I ought to have known that you could not be faithless to

me, even had I every proof to the contrary."

She sobbed aloud and hid her face in her hands; but Bruno had now so far recovered himself that he was able to speak.

"Do not say so, Emmy. My heart acquitted you of any wrong even when I was ignorant of the circumstances which led to your marriage. All things worked together to mislead you and to separate us. We have been the victims of a scoundrel, but without any fault of our own. And better so, ten times better so, than if it had been as you must have thought."

He took her hands from her face, and gazed at her with a long, passionate look, as if he would engrave every feature of her dear face on his mind.

She also now forced herself to be composed.

He sat down by her on the sofa, and taking the ring of Emmy's mother from his finger, gave it to her in silence.

She dared not give him back that ring, and he dared not ask for it. Neither of them said a word more.

Hand in hand, overcome by the most painful feelings, they sat in silence for a while, by each other, till Bruno suddenly got up, and, bending over her, said—

"Emmy, dearest, we must part—and worse than the first time—for ever! God seems to will it so. Farewell!"

Half unconscious, Emmy sank back.

As if in a dream she felt a long, ardent kiss impressed on her lips—as the whisper-breath of a sultry evening wind there sounded in her ears, through the mist of her unconsciousness, the words, "Good bye, Emmy! Good bye, my darling! Good bye for ever!"

When she again came to her senses, she was alone.

Bruno Eversberg had left her, and the words *for ever* sounded in her heart as the echo of a passing bell. . . .

The whole of the rest of the day Emmy remained shut up in her room.

It was impossible for her to see anyone, even Siword. Alone with God, she went through the fearful struggle—the struggle of her love for Bruno with her duty to her husband.

On that struggle I will not enter into further details.

The difficult hours in Emmy's life which I have already narrated have been so many, that I might be tedious, and I should probably weary you, were I to describe the details of this day, with all the sensations and emotions which had chosen Emmy's heart for their battle-field.

It is enough for me to say that it was a severe struggle, to which the whole of a long day was dedicated—a struggle which so wearied out her body and mind, that when she went to rest in the evening, she, from mere exhaustion and fatigue, fell into a sound sleep, which continued during the whole night.

When she awoke it was with the consciousness that some one had been in her room, and had imprinted a kiss on her forehead.

She lay still for an instant, but then, coming to herself and sitting up she heard the sound of a carriage driving away from the castle. At the same moment her eyes fell on a letter which was placed on a chair near the bed.

Opening it hastily, she found it was from her husband, and was as follows:

It is better for us both that we should part from each other for a short time. I am going to Scotland, where I have a share in a factory, and where my presence is required. I cannot exactly say when I shall return, as that depends on various circumstances. Act in my absence in all things as you may think fit. If you find an adviser necessary in matters relating to Solingen, apply to my steward, who is fully acquainted with all my wishes and intentions.

All that in this world is of any value to me I leave in your hands and under your protection—my wife, my child, my name, and my house—and I know that I need not give you any instructions. Farewell.

SIWORD HIDDEMA.

On the same morning that Siword set out on his journey, and that Emmy read the letter he had left for her, a young man walked into Dilburg through one of the gates. It was Bruno Eversberg. He had left Solingen at daybreak, and it was still early in the morning when he reached Dilburg.

His steps were directed along the well-known road to the iron foundry. With an inexpressible "heimweh" he wandered round the dark building which had been the scene of all the joyous, happy memories of his youth.

He gazed at the house; he looked over the palings into the garden, where every tree and every plant seemed to greet him as an old friend. When he came to the front door, the milkman was ringing the bell.

The familiar sound was the last drop which made his cup overflow. He felt unable any longer to control his feelings, and he fled from the spot to which his thoughts

had during the last few years so often wandered.

Pressing his hat deep over his eyes, in order not to be recognized by the few persons who were already in the street, he hastened to the churchyard to the grave of his parents.

There he fell on his knees; there he pressed his burning eyes and throbbing temples against the cold tombstones; there he was overcome by the wild despair which filled his heart to bursting.

In that bitter hour the words of his father fell upon his ear: "The sins of the fathers are visited on the children," and he shuddered.

He felt that these words were verified in himself as they probably never had been in anyone else before—he who was once so happy and hopeful, and now as if forsaken by God and the world—and it seemed to him, as it does once to each of us in a like hour of despair, that he had done forever with all happiness and all joy.

He stayed a long time in the churchyard.

As on the day before he had tried to engrave on his mind Emmy's features, so now he fixed in his recollection all the surroundings of the last resting-place of his parents. Now and then he looked at his watch, as if he were waiting for a particular time. When he had done this for about the tenth time, he rose up and went away with hasty steps. Making a long detour outside the walls in order to avoid the town, where he did not wish to be recognized, he reached the street where the post-office was situated.

The morning post seemed to have just arrived; he saw the post-men, with the letters in their hands, come out of the door, and immediately disperse themselves in different directions, whilst the clerk speedily followed them to get his breakfast at home.

A faint smile of satisfaction passed over Bruno's countenance.

He had been anxious to hit upon this particular moment, and he was not disappointed; for when he went into the office he found William de Graaff alone.

Leaning over his desk, busy entering matters into a ledger, William did not immediately look up when he heard some one come in; but the moment he raised his eyes on his visitor and recognized him, he sprang up from his stool, and could not control the agitation and alarm which drove every particle of colour from his ordinarily pale face.

But it was only for a moment that he lost his self-control; in the next he had mastered himself.

His mouth twisted itself into a false smile, and putting out his hand to Bruno—a hand which he could not prevent from trembling with alarm—he said in a friendly way—

"Well, Eversberg, whoever I might have expected to see, it certainly was not you. Welcome to Dilburg!"

With a contemptuous gesture Bruno thrust the hand from him so that it came down with a hard blow on the desk.

"Cease your hypocrisy, De Graaff. I come from Sollingen, and I know of all your low, cowardly actions. What I have to say to you can be disposed of in a few minutes. I know not whether you thought that you could act, as you have acted, with impunity because the victim of your villainy was a defenceless woman. In that case you have woefully deceived yourself. Nothing should hinder me from whipping you as a dog in your own office if I had any pleasure in so doing, for a duel is out of the question. Such a miserable wretch as yourself is not worth the lead of a bullet, and however valueless my life is, I will not lose it by the hand of a scoundrel."

With fiery, angry looks Bruno had said these words advancing closer and closer to William de Graaff, who stared at him without speaking, pale as death, and leaning with his hand on the desk where he stood. When Bruno after his last words was silent, he drew a deep breath.

At the first word of the answer which he was about to make Bruno interrupted him.

"Silence, I will hear nothing of your false, hypocritical story. What I have to say is this: To-morrow I leave Holland, never to return; but before I go I shall pay a visit to the Postmaster-General at the Hague, and shall inform him of what happened at the post-office at Dilburg. Calling Mr. Hiddema as my witness in this matter, I shall demand the dismissal of an *employee* who has made use of the trust reposed in him for his own purposes, to forward his personal designs."

At these words a mortal terror exhibited itself in William's face. The possible result of his conduct had never occurred to him, and there was something in Bruno's voice and manner that instantly convinced him of the fearful certainty that Bruno would make good his words.

If there was anything in the world to which he was attached now that he had lost Emmy (notwithstanding all his schemes

and cunning) it was his official employment, which he carried on with zeal and satisfaction, and which besides provided him with the main part of his income.

"You would not deliberately make me miserable, Eversberg?" he said with trembling lips.

"As deliberately as you made Emmy and myself miserable, as deliberately and with premeditation—and I will do it, and as certainly as I stand here; but not simply out of personal revenge, William de Graaff, but in the interest of all whose letters pass through your hands, I will make you harmless at least in this respect."

Without waiting further for any answer from De Graaff, Bruno turned round and left the postoffice.

An hour later he had left his native place with the fixed resolve never to return.

And the threat uttered by him to William de Graaff was carried into effect. His accusation was followed by an investigation, which was brought to a speedy termination by William's confession.

A few weeks later the *Haarlem Journal* surprised the Dilburgers with the intelligence that the postmaster was dismissed from his office, while in the observations which followed they looked in vain for the word *honourable*.

As neither William himself nor any of the persons to whom the matter related ever gave any explanation of the circumstances, his dismissal remained an impenetrable mystery, which for a long time was the inexhaustible theme of Dilburg conversation; a theme which admitted of innumerable variations, but which in all its unexplained mystery was, if not lost in the course of time, at least forgotten, and all the sooner since Mrs. Welters, crushed under the disgrace of her son, left Dilburg with William and Mina after Elizabeth's marriage to take up their abode elsewhere.

What town is enriched by this amiable trio I cannot state with certainty, but if any of my readers feel any interest about it I am ready to undertake the trouble of the enquiry.

Three months have elapsed since the events we have just described.

The summer, and even the autumn, have taken their leave to give place to the stern winter, which already before Christmas had spread its snowy garments over the earth.

A great fire is burning on the hearth at Sollingen in the principal sitting-room. The sun-blinds have been replaced by double windows, to keep out the cold, and the

heavy damask curtains and *portières* have shut out every draught.

The raw winter outside, the snow-drift heaped up by the fierce north wind, make the room appear still more comfortable by the strong contrast with it.

Emmy is walking up and down the room, her steps rendered inaudible by the thick carpet; but her countenance speaks of an extraordinary restlessness and disquietude.

Sometimes in her walk she stands still by the sofa, where with cushions and blankets a bed is made for Seyna, who, with her pale, sickly face on the pillow, is lying down asleep.

From time to time the young stepmother listens to the breathing of the child, and at the strange dry cough, that with longer and longer intervals is now and then audible, an anxious expression spreads itself over her face.

The doctor has assured her that danger is over, but the dry cough revives the recollection of the night in which the angel of death wrestled with the child—a wrestling so terrible and anxious that the recollection of it is ineffaceably engraved on her mind.

Whilst she was again listening to the breathing, the child opened her eyes and smiled at her affectionately.

"Mamma, will papa really come to-day?"

"Yes, dear child; but you must not talk too much."

"Does papa long for us as much as we long for him?"

"I believe so, Seyna, I hope so."

How much pain is sometimes caused by a child's tongue.

How painful was this question to Emmy, who was so little able to answer it.

Siword had remained away three months.

Short and unimportant letters had in the meantime come from him to Sollingen, but not such as to call for detailed answers from Emmy.

Had his absence given her pleasure or pain?

She hardly knew herself how to answer this question.

At first, when the shock of his sudden departure was over, Siword's absence had been an indescribable relief to her.

The taking leave of Bruno had indeed left such an impression on her as to exclude all interest in anything or anyone; however, weeks passed on and it was otherwise.

A dissatisfied feeling now came over her whenever she thought of her husband.

She became more and more alive to the

full sense of his goodness and nobleness, and the thought that he had gone all alone to a foreign land whilst the place which right and duty assigned to her was at his side disturbed her excessively.

The duty of rewarding him by grateful, loving conduct for what he had done for her with regard to Bruno, of making his home as happy as he certainly had expected it would be when he married, became more and more clear to her.

Thus her thoughts began gradually to divide themselves between Siword and Bruno.

Just as she had followed in thought Bruno on his return to America, she now followed Siword to Scotland, and after the first month had passed she began to look out with interest for letters, in which she hoped to find the time of his return home fixed.

But the days flew by, and the days became weeks, and the weeks months, and in the few letters which reached Emmy from Siword there was little said about himself, and not a word said about coming home. The cold tone of the letters, which neither touched on the past or future, made her constrained in her answers, of which Seyna was the principal subject.

She sometimes thought she could understand from Siword's whole behaviour that he would not return until she asked him to come back, but this she dared not do, because she was afraid she should have to say something which she *could* not say. Bruno's image still lived ineffaceably in her heart. The recollection of him was a part of her life, from which she could certainly never disengage herself so long as the voice within her continued to speak so loudly of him.

Solitary and silent for Emmy were the months of Siword's absence, and the solitude began to oppress her more and more as winter approached and the evenings became longer.

During the day Seyna was a great distraction to her.

The unexpected departure of the governess, who was called home by the death of her mother, brought the little girl wholly under Emmy's management, and provided her with a distraction and occupation which under present circumstances was in the highest degree welcome.

But in the evenings, when Seyna had gone to bed, she felt her solitude doubly; then her beautiful home seemed empty and deserted; then hour after hour dragged on with a tediousness such as she had never

recollected of any hour in her life, and at the same time there was a restlessness about her which did not allow her to fix her thoughts on books. She neither made nor received visits, for she had excused herself to the neighbours until the return of her husband, who was absent on business.

And thus the days passed on without any remarkable event, until one day just before Christmas, when Emmy was awakened in the middle of the night by a strange, painful sound in Seyna's little room, which adjoined her own, and it appeared to her that the little girl was attacked by that most fearful of all children's complaints, the croup.

What Emmy suffered during that night of fearful wrestling between life and death, under the overpowering apprehension that the child might die whilst the father was absent — absent too through her fault, because she could not find courage to call him back — I can scarcely describe. Outwardly she remained calm, at all events calm enough to help the hastily-summoned doctor and to assist him in his efforts to save the child; but on the first glimmer of daylight she wrote a telegram with feverish haste to recall Siword, in the most urgent terms which an anxious heart could suggest.

From that moment she looked for Siword's return with an intense longing; the fear and anxiety of the night in which Seyna was in danger of death lay upon her heart as a terrifying overwhelming thought, and it seemed to her as if she could not find rest until she should see the child in the arms of its father.

When after the second day the little girl was evidently recovering, Emmy poured forth from the bottom of her heart a fervent thanksgiving to God for His tender mercies in having spared her from the remorse with which Seyna's death in Siword's absence would have embittered the whole of the rest of her life.

"Does papa long for us as much as we long for him?" the child had asked, and now that the time of his return approached, this question repeated itself to Emmy anxiously and doubtfully.

How should she receive Siword?

What should she say to him?

Would he meet her warmly and affectionately as before?

Would the cold shadow which had once come between them have diminished or increased?

Her anxiety had reached an indescribable pitch when she saw the carriage which

she had sent to bring Siword from the station driving up the hill.

Trembling with emotion, forgetting all she had prepared to say to him on his arrival, and obeying the unchecked impulse of her feelings, she hastened to the vestibule to meet him, and threw herself sobbing on his breast.

In the embrace of husband and wife a new morning of their married life dawned, and chased away the night of parting and alienation, and cheered both their hearts with the sunrise of hope.

Many words, at least in the first hours, were not exchanged between them.

Hand in hand they stood by Seyna's crib in joyful, heartfelt gratitude, speaking to the child words which as yet they could hardly have ventured to address to each other.

Neither of them recurred to the past during the whole morning and afternoon, but when evening came on, and Seyna had gone to sleep, and the flickering fire on the hearth was the only light in the room, Emmy interrupted an instant of silence in the history of Siword's journey by suddenly coming to stand by him; laying her hand on his shoulder, she said with a voice trembling with emotion —

"Siword, I have much to thank you for. I thank you for having gone away, and I thank you for having come back. I understand now that the separation has been good for me, though sometimes I have found it hard to bear. Forgive me for all the sorrow I have caused you. I will do my best to make up to you for it."

Siword did not answer immediately.

Taking Emmy on his knee, he laid her head upon his shoulder and pressed her to his heart with inexpressible tenderness.

"Child, let the past rest," he said earnestly. "I have nothing to forgive you and you have nothing to thank me for. From this time forth we will be together. Thank God, the day has come when I can say to you, Welcome, a thousand times welcome, to my heart and home."

CHAPTER XXIV.

CONCLUSION.

THE tale of love and sorrow in a little world which I have been telling you is almost ended. There only remain two sketches for me to draw ere we take leave of each other.

We must at once take a stride of two whole years to have our last look at Dilburg. This time I conduct you to the house of Mr. van Stein — you will under-

stand, of the late Mr. van Stein. The great awning stretched over the door, the strange arrangement, as if in a shop, of the whole furniture, with numbered tickets on each article, tell one at a glance that a public auction is to be held here on the following day.

As we pass down the long, passage and open the door of the small garden parlour, where we once were present at a sorrowful parting, we find an old acquaintance — Mary van Stein.

She has just gone over the whole house, into every room. She has cast a last look at everything which in her memory seems at this moment to have constituted a portion of her youth, and she has contemplated all calmly, mournfully, but without suffering or regret. The years which have elapsed have made little change in Mary. She never was pretty, and she is not so now; but in her whole being is expressed a goodness and peaceful harmony, which makes her exterior agreeable and attractive to everyone who comes near her.

Less pale than formerly, there is in her soft eyes a hopeful, cheerful expression. With her small white hands folded and resting upon her black dress, she sits sunk in thought in her father's great arm-chair, which also, by the ticket hanging to it, tells you of its destined sale. It may be that her thoughts are wandering back to the past; it may be that the front-door bell ringing in the passage in that evening hour suits her thoughts. At all events at that sound a sad smile comes to her lips.

And do not the approaching footsteps also serve to complete the delusion? Why does she rise so suddenly? Why does she gaze with anxious looks at the door, which is pushed open?

"Otto!"

"Mary!"

She gave him both her hands as a welcome, and he took them in his, whilst their agitation prevented either of them from speaking a word.

Mary was the first to recover herself. She placed a chair for Otto opposite hers, and, motioning him to sit down, said, in a friendly tone,

"I had scarcely ventured to hope that I should see you again before my departure, Otto."

Otto did not answer immediately.

His eyes wandered round the room at the strange disorder which prevailed there.

"Mary," he then exclaimed suddenly, "is it true, then, what Emmy has written to me? Do you really and seriously intend to carry out that foolish plan?"

She looked him full in the face with a look of astonishment.

"What foolish plan are you speaking of, Otto? What has Emmy written to you?"

"That you have a plan for going into the Deaconesses' House at Utrecht, and becoming a nursing sister."

"Yes, it is true, Otto," answered Mary, calmly. "May I ask what is the folly that you see in it?"

"Is it not a folly, Mary, when a person who has already passed her best years by a sick bed again voluntarily sacrifices the liberty which has at last been obtained? I call that folly, unpardonable folly."

Mary smiled at Otto's vehement words.

"Look, Otto; you must not call any action foolish till you thoroughly know the reason of it. You say that I have passed my best years by a sick bed, and you speak of it in a tone as if I had been a victim. This is a distorted impression on your part. I admit that by that sick bed I have wrestled with hard, difficult hours; but in the fulfilment of this duty I have also found a source of peace, which has been and still is a support and comfort to me, long after those painful hours have been numbered with the past. I know, Otto, that you have seen my poor father more than once in his less agreeable moods; but you have forgotten what I have at all times tried to recollect — that they were caused by his bad health, and that his heart had no part in them. I admit, too, that, under the circumstances, nursing him was a task difficult to fulfil; but in the thanks which his dying lips expressed to me I found an ample reward for all that I have suffered or sacrificed for his sake. These thanks, these loving words of recognition of my good intentions and good care, so richly rewarded me, Otto, that the sunshine which they shed upon my life gave me the first idea of my resolution. When my father was dead, I knew that I was alone in the world.

"It is true that the property which has come to me by his death might provide me with a pleasant, easy life, with more abundance than my requirements or necessities demand, but such a life is not to my taste. As long as it pleases God to keep me in this world I will not be a useless being.

"According to my notion, the woman who does not find her natural place in any household ought to ask herself, What can I do to be useful? What is within the reach of my talents? In what direction do they lead me?

"It is thus that I have taken counsel with myself. I have examined myself

most strictly, and this is the result I have come to: that the only position for which I am thoroughly fit is that of a good sick nurse.

"In nursing I have had practice and experience beyond many other women. I know how a pillow should be placed so as to ease a sick person. I know how to understand even a sign. I know what may hinder his recovery. In a word, I venture to say that I have learned the science of the demands of a sick room to perfection, and the talent which God has thought fit to give me, by means of practical experience, I will so use that I can give an account of it when it shall please Him to call for it.

"Can you call that folly, Otto?"

"And when the day comes that you will repent of your resolution, when perhaps your health becomes unequal to the fulfilment of this almost superhuman task, what then, Mary?"

Mary again looked at him with a smile.

"Well, Otto, that is simple enough. A Protestant nursing sister is not bound any longer than she herself wishes. If my health should fail me, well, then I can ask for my discharge, and then it will be time enough to live the life of a useless old maid, which Heaven forbid should ever be the case."

Otto had got up from his chair, and now he walked up and down the room, whilst his face betrayed an emotion which he was not able to control. After a short interval of silence, he suddenly stood still before Mary, and his voice trembled as he said to her—

"Mary, it is nevertheless a folly when a woman who is so perfectly adapted to make a man and a family happy withdraws from the world. No, no, you must not do so. If you wish to do a work of love, forgive him whose heart in an evil hour wandered away from you, and who has paid so dearly for it that his fault might almost be pardoned on that account.

"Mary, let me tell you what I have hoped from your goodness and forgiving disposition. Let me tell you what has been my dearest thought whilst I have been wandering in a strange land.

"Could you but know the alarm which took possession of me when Emmy's letter communicated to me your plans! Could you but know with what anxious haste I have travelled day and night to be in time. Mary, Heaven grant that it is not too late! Speak the word that can wash out all my misconduct towards you, and give me the chance to atone for it by the strength of the love and respect I feel for you."

When Otto began to speak, and Mary remarked by his emotion what he was going to say before he uttered it, she rose from her seat and became somewhat pale; but when he had finished she stood before him again quite calm, and without fear looked up at him with sad eyes. Her voice sounded firm and serious whilst she said to him—

"No, Otto; that cannot be."

"Why not, Mary? Can you doubt my true repentance—my inmost love? Mary, believe me, it has been a hard lesson that your worth has taught me. Fear not that my heart should wander again, when it has found a safe resting-place with you. Mary, be magnanimous and forgive me. . . ."

Advancing towards Otto, she laid her hand on his arm. Her eyes were moist, but even now she did not in her answer lose her calmness.

"Otto, I entreat you, let this subject drop. I repeat to you, it cannot be. I trust that you know me well enough to be aware that I am not disposed to petty-minded revenge. No, Otto, it is not that. It is not any doubt of the truth of the feeling which now inspires you, but the obstacle is in my own heart. It is that I no longer love you as a woman should love the man who is to be her husband. In this hour the most perfect truth should exist between us, and I will not, on account of any false shame, withhold from you my confession that I did once love you deeply. This love, which for a time was my supreme happiness, has been the cause of the deepest pain I ever experienced. The pain, by God's help, has been overcome, but my heart is dead, and no power on earth will awaken it again from death."

The painful sensation which Mary's words excited in Otto were visible in his countenance.

Thoroughly beaten out of the field, he sat down again, and there was a shade of bitterness in his tone when he said—

"I have forfeited all right to complain; that I well know. You stand in your strength so high above my weakness, that I can only look up to you as a saint, and all further wishes and hopes on my part are presumptuous. . . ."

But Mary would not let him proceed.

"No, dear Otto," she said, addressing him with a calm dignity, whilst she took his hand in hers, "you must not speak thus. You will repent, sooner or later, if in this hour you are unjust. There exists no reproach against you in my heart, but neither should there be any reproach against me in yours. You know how willingly at one

time I would have been your wife, but you know also that I was not to blame in what separated us.

"I never looked down upon you, not even when I discovered to my sorrow that you did not correspond to what I thought to find you. But I did pity you, and that pity still continues, because I know that the man who seeks his own happiness only, sacrifices his inward rest and peace without attaining his object.

"Otto, if you wish to make up to me for the past, give me the satisfaction of knowing that the last hour that we spend together in this world shall be an hour important to the life of your soul.

"Look, Otto: so long as we do not understand life as a duty to the fulfilment of which we should apply all our strength — a duty to which we should cheerfully sacrifice every desire in conflict with it — so long we shall find no peace or rest in ourselves; so long we shall walk in a maze.

"Do not hang down your head at the disappointment which I have been obliged to occasion; lift it up boldly and look before you."

"What can I do, Mary?" exclaimed Otto; "wander about the world as I have done the last few years; go back to Dilburg, to the old routine of the old business; take my place again in the old neighbourhood which speaks of a past so little satisfactory to me?"

"As a man, there are a thousand ways open to you, Otto. Choose a wider sphere than Dilburg can give you. Establish yourself in a great town, and there begin a new life, and do whatever your hand finds to do that may be necessary or useful. You can do something for me also, Otto, if you will."

"You know there is nothing I would not do for you, Mary," answered Otto, in a half-reproachful tone.

"I must find some one, Otto, who will administer my fortune for me. Of one-third I have made a free gift to the Deaconesses' House, of which I am to become a sister. As to the rest, I have to-day made my will, that I may wholly close my account with this world before I dedicate myself to my new calling.

"A letter, asking you to undertake the service which I have just mentioned to you, lies before you, and would have been sent to you to-morrow on my departure for Utrecht.

"I wish to apply the interest of that part of my property which I would place under your care to the general good.

"As a nursing sister, I am not permitted

to make donations; but it appears to me that no one is better able to find out the wants, whether evident or concealed, of a family than the nursing sister who helps them in trouble and sickness. I wish to provide for these wants with this money, and you, Otto, I should like to make almoner.

"It is no small service that I ask of you. It will involve you in a hundred difficulties and tasks. Here you will have to provide fuel against the winter, here wine for the sick; now a substitute for a conscript son, or an outfit for a daughter; in some cases you will have to supply arrears of rent, in others to provide a lodging; and all must appear to proceed from an invisible benefactor.

"Thus we may work together although we live apart. This has lately been my ideal; for I had not forgotten you, Otto; I take too much interest in your happiness — I have loved you too much for that.

"Let us both have the satisfaction of feeling that the love which once existed between us is not lost, but has spread out and developed into a true Christian love, which makes us useful, not only to ourselves, but to our fellow-creatures.

"Will you bind yourself with me, Otto, with a solemn determination to keep this vow with God's help?"

Otto took her hand.

He felt that Mary, in the sense in which he had hoped, was irrecoverably lost to him; that he had recklessly played away a treasure which, but for his weakness, he might have called his own, and a cruel pain pierced his soul.

But, in spite of this feeling, in spite of himself, he was carried away by Mary's inspired words. It seemed to him as if his eyes, which had been seeing blindly till now, were suddenly opened to a vast field; as if the world acquired a new meaning, unknown to him before; as if new powers were awakened in him, which had hitherto slumbered.

Kneeling down before her, and covering his eyes with Mary's hand, he said in a voice faltering with emotion —

"Mary, you stand on a height which makes me giddy. Yes, yes; I will be your disciple; I will do my best to live with you in the spirit you describe. Dispose of me as you please in all things."

She bent over him and laid her hand on his head.

"May God be with you and strengthen you in your good purposes," she said, solemnly. When Otto rose up again, Mary had left the room.

One last look at Sollingen.

It is summer.

The warm sunshine is spread over the valley where, far and near, the harvest is in all its activity.

Everywhere, as far as the eye can reach, the husbandman wields his scythe in the waving corn; in one field it is already mown, in another gathered into sheaves, and the homeward-bound waggons creak and groan under their heavy burdens.

From the hill of Sollingen, which commands a bird's-eye view of the whole country, the outstretched fields appear like a carpet chequered with green and yellow, the far distant men like puppets, and the loaded waggons in like proportions, like children's toys; from Sollingen the scene is so beautiful and varied, that one could never tire of beholding it.

And with new and increasing interest one's eye rests upon the fair young wife who is sitting in the porch of the house.

On her lap lies a little boy, with dark curly hair and clear blue eyes, who has hardly completed his first year. He is gazing with astonished looks at a little girl of nine years old near them, who, armed with a tobacco pipe and soapsuds, is amusing herself by blowing bubbles, which, carried off by the wind, rise up for a moment and glitter in the sunshine, and then burst into nothing. At every unusually fine bubble which glides from the pipe the little girl claps her hands, and says —

"Mamma! look! look!" and the little fellow stretches out his soft hands, crowing with delight, and stamping with his little feet on his mother's lap.

The young mother looks on with pleasure at the children's play, but her attention is involuntarily led away, and every moment she turns her eyes towards the foot-path leading from the village.

At last her expectations appear to be fulfilled.

A merry smile spreads like sunshine over her lovely face, which, although wearing the stamp of health and content, yet, when it is at rest, has a serious expression bordering on melancholy, indicating sorrowful recollections and suffering which she had gone through.

"There is papa, Seyna!" she calls out; and the child on the lap of its mother stammers out "Papa," whilst the little girl lays down the pipe, and quickly and merrily runs down the hill to meet her father.

She places her hand in his confidently as soon as she reaches him, and thus the

father and daughter walk to meet the mother and son.

"How long you have been away, Siword."

"Only a quarter over my time, little wife."

"Have you brought me news or letters from the village, Siword?"

"Both news and letters, Emmy; but you must control your curiosity till we are up the hill."

Emmy smiled; happy and contented, she watched husband and child, and when they reached the portico, the fun of blowing bubbles, which for the moment had been interrupted by the father's arrival, began again. The little Siword almost jumped out of the arms of the great Siword after the soap bubbles which Seyna, with untiring energy, blew up into the air. And the attention of all of them was thus quite withdrawn from Emmy, to whom her husband had just given a letter, the address of which was of itself sufficient to cause her the greatest emotion.

It was a letter from Bruno Eversberg, addressed to Siword Hiddema, but written to Emmy, and was as follows:

If anyone two years ago had assured me that I should ever be in a state to address you in a happy tone, dear Emmy, I certainly could not have believed him.

And yet so it is.

Three days ago Jane Siddons became my wife, and I cannot resist the temptation to make you a sharer of my happiness — for happiness I may well call it — to be able to call my own a wife of such goodness and loveliness.

I hardly know how it all came about.

She was the *confidante* of all my suffering. She knows all that has happened between us. She knows my whole life's history — the stain which rests upon my name in all its extent — and she has not been deterred by it.

How much I am indebted to her I can scarcely describe. Without her comfort and support I should have given way in all the suffering which oppressed me. Yes, without her careful nursing I should undoubtedly have died in the severe illness which, on my return to America, brought me to the brink of the grave in her father's house. And now she has crowned all her goodness by becoming my wife.

That I shall never again set foot in Holland I need not assure you, but I am also sure I shall never forget her who filled, as she did from my earliest childhood, such an important place in my affection. Emmy, might I but once hear that you are happy with the husband whom, so far as I can judge from our slight acquaintance, I regard as thoroughly worthy of you? This would remove the last shade which is spread over my happiness.

Recall me to the friendly remembrance of Mr.

Hiddema. I shall never forget how noble he showed himself in his dealings with you and myself.

Believe me now and always

Your Friend,
BRUNO EVERSSBERG.

And below Bruno's writing there was in a woman's hand in English as follows :

I asked my husband to translate his letter to me.

My happiness was bought with great sorrow both for you and him, but I loved him ever since he entered my father's house for the first time, when he was little more than a boy and I a little girl.

Be easy about his happiness; I will take care

of it, and love him all the better if he loves me less than you.

With tears in her eyes, drawn from the mixed sensations, in which joy had the greater share, Emmy laid down the letter.

At that moment Siword brought back her son to her.

She took the child in her arms, and, bending towards her husband, she said, with a countenance which entirely expressed the peace and happiness of her soul—

"Siword, I know this now: God makes His creatures happy, but in His way, and not in theirs."

THE *New Zealand Herald* gives an interesting account of an expedition made by the brig *Carl* from Levuka to the New Hebrides in search of "labour." The vessel, we are told, arrived at Afi without at first "taking any men or being successful in exploration, but a block of land was purchased from the natives." While trading, however, a boat's crew sent to sound for an anchorage was fired at by other natives." The crew and passengers were so incensed at this that they made an attack upon those trading. Some dozen men were captured, and some few were shot. Every one joined in the outrage. How much "incensed" the crew must have been at the suspicions implied by the natives commencing hostilities will appear from their subsequent proceedings. They next sailed along *Espiritu Santo*, not touching and sighting Cape Cumberland. They stood for the Solomon group, and at the Islet of Santa Anna many natives came to trade. Here, when the canoes came alongside, they were upset, and the boats picked up the natives when they attempted to swim ashore. On this occasion there was a native shot in the water because he happened to be armed with a bow and arrow. About twelve men were taken. They then sailed along the coast of Maylayton. No men were obtained here. They proceeded thence to Yabel Island. Natives came out, and, after some little trade with them, their canoes were captured and broken. The means by which this was effected were simple. Either (when their canoes were alongside) a number of men jumped into one of them, and so by their descent upset or sank it, or else heavy weights, such as pieces of pig-iron attached to a rope, were suddenly thrown down and thus the canoe was broken up. The natives invariably took to the water and were

picked up by the ships' boats. Several natives were picked up on this occasion. They then proceeded to Florida Island, where one of the boats took three or four men, the number being uncertain. Of course the old story of fraud and violence leads to its old sequel of savage native reprisals upon the innocent. A few months after, the schooner *Lavinia* was lying off Florida Island; and while the captain and greater part of the crew were absent from the vessel on a fishing excursion the natives boarded it and massacred all on board.

The following is from the *Athenæum*:—A singular controversy has occurred at Constantinople. The Government have determined that instruction in the Imperial School of Medicine shall be given in Turkish, and have removed all the professors who cannot speak the national language. Of course this has occasioned an outcry on the part of the friends of those French-speaking professors who have spent many years in the country and have not chosen to acquire its language. The Turks say they started their school as a national school, and not as a foreign one; that the pupils receive inadequate instruction from its being conveyed in a foreign language; and that they have not been supplied, as they expected, with manuals in Turkish. The authorities have, therefore, determined to run the risk of the change, and attempt to get for this school, as for others, books and teaching in the vernacular. They maintain that, as medicine has for ages been taught in Arabic, it can be taught in Turkish.

Nature.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
A SWISS SANCTUARY.

THERE are four great shrines in Europe to which pilgrims still resort, much as their forefathers were wont to do in the Middle Ages: not churches in great cities, whither the worshippers may come with other business on hand and other ends in view besides their designs of piety, but genuine places of pilgrimage, where the town has grown up round the cloister, and whither men and women journey by thousands only for the health of their souls or the miraculous cure of their bodies. Such ancient fashions of religion have long died from among us in England, but we may see them (and they are worth seeing) where they are still preserved in the unchanging faith and practice of other lands. Three great shrines — Loreto, Maria Zell, and Sant Iago — are out of the track of most travellers; but the fourth, the great convent of Einsiedeln, which boasts its 150,000 or 200,000 visitors every year, is in the most frequented part of Switzerland, midway between the Lakes of Lucerne and Zürich; and I cannot but think that if the sights there to be seen were more generally known, we should not have been, of all the crowds of English at Lucerne last year, the only visitors to Einsiedeln on the great annual festival of September 14.

The story of Einsiedeln began more than a thousand years ago. Its founder, St. Meinrad, Count of Salgen, a Hohenzollern and an ancestor of the present Emperor of Germany and of Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern, was born in 797 at his mother's castle of Süllich, and educated at the convent school of Reichenau, on a little island in Lake Constance. Unlike the other great hermit of the Alps, St. Nicholas, a warrior and statesman in his early days, Meinrad seems not to have entered at all into active life: he passed from one cloister to another, studious, pious, and gentle, until (according to a little book which tells the history of Einsiedeln) "the sight of the lonely peaks of the Etzelberg, daily before his eyes, awoke in the earnest man longings for a solitary life." And so, as an "Einsiedler," or hermit he retired to a little hut, built for him by a pious lady on the Etzelberg. Driven thence by the increasing number of those who sought his advice and help, he retreated to the then wild forests of the Finsterwald, and made his cell where now the great church and convent stand, risen in abundant harvest from the little seed of good. Here he received in solemn

gift from Hildegard, foundress and Abbess of the great Zürich convent, and daughter of King Louis, the grandson of Charlemagne, a sacred image of the Virgin and Child, which from the ninth to the nineteenth century has reigned, and reigns still, at Einsiedeln. "Four-and-twenty years had Meinrad lived here with the blessing of God and the love of his fellow-men, when two robbers, seeking treasure, came to his cell. Though he instantly discerned their purpose, he received them lovingly; he entertained them like friends. Whilst he was refreshing them with food, and giving them counsels useful for their own safety, they fell on him and slew him. Tracked in every place by two ravens which the saint had kept, the murderers were detected, and they were tried and executed in Zürich;" where, in memory of this miracle, long stood the "Raven's Hotel," now the Hôtel Bilharz.

Meinrad's death (the thousandth anniversary of which was celebrated with great pomp ten years ago at Einsiedeln) took place in 861. Forty-five years later, his cell was occupied by Benno of Strasburg, a brother of Rudolph of Burgundy. With the help of some who joined him here, he cleared out the fertile meadow still called "Bennau," or Benno's Field. After twenty-one years Benno was induced, sorely against his will, to accept the bishopric of Metz. There his bold rebukes and reforms earned him the hatred of the nobles, who at last seized him and put his eyes out. The crime was duly punished, and every effort made to keep the good bishop in Metz; but he yearned for the peace of Einsiedeln and the little company of brothers there, and returned, blind and weary, to live some years still, and die among them.

By his successor, Eberhard of Strasburg, the first stone of the convent was laid, and regular monastic life, after the Benedictine rule, was commenced. Gradually, too, a great church rose above and enclosed the little chapel with the sacred image. In 948 Conrad, Bishop of Constance, came, with a great train of priests and nobles, to consecrate the finished building. At midnight before September 14, the day fixed for the ceremony, he went to the church to spend the early hours in prayer; but at the door he was stayed by the sound of heavenly music, and, looking in, beheld a multitude of angels going through all the forms of consecration. In the Virgin's chapel he saw our Lord officiating in priestly dress, surrounded and assisted by saints; before the

altar stood the Blessed Virgin, robed in light. The vision faded with the dawn; but Conrad, spell-bound, knelt in the same spot till mid-day, in spite of entreaties to begin the service. Then he told what he had seen; but they held it for a dream, and urged him to proceed to the consecration. As he at last did so, a voice spoke from above, thrice repeating, "Brother, stay; the chapel is consecrated by God." Then, with reverence, they forbore their persuasions, and Conrad only consecrated the great church which stood over the chapel.

Such is the legend of the "Engelweihe." Sixteen years later Conrad went, with the Emperor Otho I., to Rome, and laid before Leo VIII. the question whether the chapel should receive regular consecration. This, after consultation with many bishops, the Pope decided against, acknowledging as valid the miraculous work of the angels.

Great, after this, were the glories of Einsiedeln. Emperors and kings sent rich gifts and made over land. Abbot Gregory, nephew of our English King Alfred, and brother-in-law of Otho the Great, was created a Prince of the Empire, which dignity, by a further decree of Rudolph of Hapsburg, descended to his successors: they are Prince-Abbots to the present day. Distinguished pilgrims flocked to Einsiedeln. Otho the Great was there in 965, the Emperor Sigismund in 1417, Ferdinand III. in 1442; St. Nicholas came in 1480, St. Charles Borromeo in 1576. The visitors' list is nine centuries long, and rich in the names of princes. Marie Louise came in 1814; Queen Hortense came year by year, and hither brought her son Louis to receive his first communion. The Bourbon Princes came in 1859, the Orleans in 1863. The family of Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern visit frequently the foundation of their holy ancestor St. Meinrad.

Yet, for all these royal favours, Einsiedeln has had times of trouble. Many times has it been robbed or burnt in the conflicts of the adjacent cantons. Worst of all, the French army came there in 1798, and, after their unfeeling habit in those days, carried off all they could, and burnt the rest. Even the sacred image they packed up and sent home; but the monks, forewarned of the coming danger, had hidden away the true Virgin, and it was a counterfeit which travelled to Paris. The real image wandered long into various graves, buried first at Alpthal, then at Haggenegg; next it travelled across the Rhine to Bludenz; then by sea to Trieste;

later to Bludenz again. In some places where it had been concealed, the peasants built chapels, as our King Edward raised crosses where the body of his queen had rested. At length, in 1802, it was brought back in triumph to its ancient home.

There we saw it on the 14th of September last. The previous evening we came from Lucerne to Brunnen, a little town lying in the angle formed by the great turn of the lake southwards. From Zug, or Zurich, Einsiedeln may be even more easily reached than from Lucerne.

We started early next morning, but earlier still came heavy boat-loads of pilgrims across the lake from Seelisberg. Later, we drove past them on their weary walk to Einsiedeln: a band of village-folk led by their priest, and by two boys carrying processional crosses, upside down at this stage of the journey. The road lay straight inland, gradually rising. To our right, the beautiful mitre-shaped Mythen peaks were now veiled in cloud; but to the left we had fine views of the Lower Lake and the broad sides of the Rigi beyond; and looking back, as we rose higher the snowy ranges of the Uri-Rothstock rose higher also, only more beautiful for the dim soft clouds which clung round their sharp cliffs.

We halted half-an-hour at Sattel, and went to look at the battle-field of Morgarten, near there. About twelve o'clock, in a fertile undulating plain, set round with hills, we espied the towers of Einsiedeln, high above the level of all surrounding buildings. The little town has but two obvious industries, the sale of "objects of piety" and the entertainment of visitors. One house in every three is an inn, and dedicated to St. Meinrad, St. Nicholas, or any saint in the calendar — a pleasant variation from the foolish monotony of Luzerner Hofs, Englischer Hofs, and the like. And of the shops, at least an equal proportion are given up to pilgrims' wares, rosaries, crucifixes, and images, so that each street reproduces the quaint old Rue St. Sulpice in Paris, where all the outward piety of trade in the city seems collected. A third industry, less outwardly visible, is that of printing; for books of devotion from Einsiedeln travel all over the world. One firm alone employs sixteen printing-presses, all for religious work.

The Platz, where the ceremonies of the day were to take place, was a space like in shape and size to Trafalgar Square, though rather larger; and, like Trafalgar Square, slanting downhill. At the upper side stand the long lines of the convent,

straight and monotonous, and in their centre the church, double-towered, of immense size, but no very beautiful design. In front of these the ground is raised to form a level terrace, which is approached in the centre by a broad flight of steps, and under the brow of which arcades are built stretching down to right and left in a broad semicircle. At the lower side the Platz is bounded by a line of hotels. As we saw the scene, on a bright cloudless day, it was very attractive. The pilgrims were everywhere: clustered round the arcades, swarming up and down the steps, leaning over the balustrade at the terrace edge. And, lest the word "pilgrim" should suggest "travel-stained garments" and "sorrowful countenances," it must be added that they looked a well-contented set of holiday-makers; though, as they were Swiss, without much vivacity or personal beauty. There were traces of picturesque costume among the women; some had plaited their hair with intermixed white tape, and then stuck in two broad silver spoons, after the fashion of one canton; natives of Basle came with foolish big black bows, flapping raven-like over their heads; Lucernese displayed the length of their hair in two tightly plaited tails hanging down behind. More valuable, from an artistic point of view, were the rich, brilliant tints of dress; no whites no pale blues or pink, but deep browns and purples, flashing scarlets, and dull greens. In some dresses scarlet and green were put together with a stiff fashion of outline which struck one as the actual copy of some old Holbein picture of the Madonna. The men were, as usual, soberly dressed.

A large fountain is in the centre of the Platz, whence, by fourteen separate spouts, water flows out and splashes on the pavement round. The legend is that from one of these our Lord once drank, but which one is not known: so we saw the more devout among the pilgrims gravely going all round, and drinking from every spout in succession. One old man had a ginger-beer bottle, which he was gradually filling up with a few drops from each of the fourteen spouts! A lively trade was going on in the arcades. Our English church-shops, with a few recent exceptions, sell little else than books or tame pictures, suggestive of thought, it may be, but making no appeal of outward brightness or beauty. Very different were the pious fairings sold in the arcades at Einsiedeln. How pretty the things were! One shop would be hung all over with glittering cascades of pendant

rosaries, brown and silver, black and gold, coral and silver, ivory, crystal: the next would be filled with little altars lavishly overlaid with flowers and gilding, and little dolls in jewelled and tinselled robes. Then a division of the arcade might be devoted to wax wares; straight tapers, and tapers coiled up like balls of string, and models in miniature of legs, arms, or eyes, destined for "votive offerings" at the shrine of the Virgin. Next one fell across clay models of "Maria-Einsiedeln," varying in size from tiny little idols at ten a penny, to very big ones at twopence or threepence. The cheapest were pretty little terracotta images an inch long, modelled gracefully enough: the Virgin crowned, with a sceptre in her hand and the crowned Infant in her arms; her robe covered loosely in front with goldleaf and bright touches of scarlet and green paint. But as they made simultaneous advances in price and in size, the images grew to a great ugliness. At fourpence they were eight inches high; the robe, shaped like an isosceles triangle, descended in straight widening lines from the neck to the feet, plastered with gilding, and spotted with paint, while a ludicrous effect was superadded by blackening and polishing the faces of both the Virgin and the Child. The triangle was reversed in some images representing, I suppose, the Infant Saviour: there the "swaddling clothes" of orange and gold are shaped like a sheath for scissors, and the transparent waxen head, with black dots for eyes, is laid on an aureole of bright gold; the whole enclosed in a pasteboard box with glass lid, and costing a halfpenny. Minute tin boxes were on sale, pocket oratorios, which when opened disclosed more minute leaden Madonnas; these ranged in price from a halfpenny to sixpence. A few sober shops sold books, tracts, and pious handbills. Many of these were so earnest and good that one or two superstitious exceptions ought hardly in fairness to be quoted. But there was a curious preface to one prayer, "found in 1505 on the tomb of our Lord:—He who daily says or hears said this prayer, or who carries it about with him, . . . shall not die of sudden death, shall drown in no water, burn in no fire, perish in no battle, be hurt by no poison. . . . If you see a man fall in a fit in the streets, and lay this prayer on his right side, he will stand up at once and rejoice in his recovery. . . . The house where this prayer is found shall not be injured by lightning. He who daily says or hears said this prayer shall three days before

his death receive a sign from God." This wondrous prayer is a sort of litany to the Holy Cross and to our Lord, ending with a threefold invocation familiar to us in the Devotions of Bishop Andrews. — The fair had of course overflowed the arcades: there were long lines of wooden booths in all directions, where similar goods were displayed and similar crowds of purchasers attracted.

We went on to the church, and found it very big and gaudily bright. The roof was vaulted, and covered with coarsely-painted frescoes. The side aisles were, as usual, occupied with numerous chapels; and for this high festival the relics were exposed on every altar. There, as through a glass side in each coffin, we saw the withered bodies of saints and martyrs, wreathed about with strings of beads, flowers, and gilt ornaments; the outline of the features traced in pearls, rings put on the fingers, a crown on the head, and the instrument of martyrdom laid in the clenched hand. It looked as if reverently and lovingly done, and was in no degree ridiculous, though strange and grotesque. There was nothing of value sufficient to rival the glories of St. Nicholas at Sarnen, with his real blue sapphire eyes and topaz nostrils; but very likely the French Republicans of 1798 are answerable for this.

Standing in the centre of the nave, facing the west door, was the famous angel-consecrated chapel, crowded about with pilgrims. It was made of black marble, and, like a great bird-cage, shut in behind and partly at the sides, and wired round the front with iron rails; through which, as through prison-bars, we saw the lighted altar, and above, "Maria-Einsiedeln" herself, so swathed and sunk in cloth of gold; lace and satin, that only the faces of the Virgin and Child were visible; all jet-black, as it apparently behoves ancient and sacred images to be. The rest of the tiny edifice was wreathed with paper flowers, and covered with scarlet and white inscriptions in German, — pious rhymes, mostly, about the angel-consecration.

Wandering down the side aisle, we lighted on a placard, concerning benediction of the pious wares from the arcades. At one hour, all rosaries were to be blessed; at another, images and crucifixes, if made of certain specified materials; but it was expressly added that articles in plaster and tin would not be blessed. Certain medals would take longer to bless, and must be sent in beforehand.

The choir of the church, a marvel of colour, was shut off by a light screen, in

front of which were a multitude of chairs filling half the nave; men sat to the right, women to the left. Overhead hung a handsome chandelier, the gift of none less than Napoleon III., with an extract from the will of Queen Hortense traced round its inner circle: "*Je désire mettre moi et mes enfants sous la protection de la Sainte Vierge.*" Nor was this the Emperor's only gift to Einsiedeln. When, thanks to a letter of introduction to the Prince-Abbot, we were admitted into the convent itself, we began to think of Einsiedeln almost as of the ideal church, where kings and princes should give presents and bring gifts; where Imperial enemies should fall down together and do service. There, hung together in the refectory, we found them all: Napoleon III. and Eugénie; the Emperor of Germany and his brother the late King of Prussia; the Emperor and Empress of Austria and their young son; the King of Bavaria. All were life-size portraits; all gifts from the monarchs themselves. And as if to complete a fated circle, there was the portrait of Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern, introduced in one of two charming pictures by Mücke, of Düsseldorf — his father's gift to the convent in 1861. The picture represents Hildegarde in solemn procession, bringing the sacred image to Meinrad. Prince Leopold is drawn as a youth by the side of the Abbess, carrying a banner; and few ideal faces could be purer or more faultless in beauty. A courteous priest led us through the convent, adding interest to all he showed and told us by the gentle grace of his manner. He spoke perfect English, and indeed we were struck by the evident good education and gentlemanly bearing of all these monks — born gentlemen, if we judged rightly. Their occupations and interests were many: collections of birds, minerals, books; photographs, wood-carving, a collection of gigantic nine-foot square engravings. Our guide asked us about the recent Scott Centenary Festival; perhaps with a special interest in Sir Walter, because the history of "Anne of Geierstein" is laid in Switzerland, and several characters in the book swear frequently by "Our Lady of Einsiedeln."

Leaving the convent, we went to seek for food and refreshment somewhere. The effect on the hotels of a sudden rise from the daily average of 200 visitors or so, to an incursion of 10,000, can be easily conceived. The "Peacock" could not offer us even an attic; but they brushed us down in the passage, and carried us basins of water into the kitchen. As to food, there

were three or four *tables d'hôte* in the course of the day, but every place was pre-engaged, apparently by pilgrims of higher position or greater possessions than the general crowd: French ladies, English Roman Catholic sisters, priests of a superior class. However, they did what they could for us, and at least let us forage for ourselves.

As the day passed on, the religious feeling among the pilgrims clearly grew stronger. A long sermon was preached in German to a very large, silent audience; another in French to French-speaking pilgrims. At four o'clock, a long procession started from the great school connected with the convent, and moved slowly into the church; a number of women first, headed by a hard-featured damsel, who led in a familiar Gregorian the chanted response, "*Ora pro nobis*," to the successive names of saints given as versicles by the monks who followed. A door in the church near the choir led into the hall of confessionals, a dim long room, encircled with little wooden constructions, where priests sat, hearing confessions in German, French, Italian, English, and Romansch; sometimes the priest would have a kneeling figure on each side of him, apparently receiving a confession in each ear. Men and women were standing about waiting their turn.

As it grew dusk, the aspect of the church was very strange. Each chapel was besieged by a little crowd: women swaying to and fro, as they passed the rosary beads through their slow fingers; some few ecstatic, kneeling with outstretched arms; some in groups, a large family or party of friends, were making the round of the chapels, pausing to repeat at each their monotonous roll of prayers. The sacred chapel was pressed on from all sides; hundreds of votive offerings were strung on the iron bars, long rows of lighted tapers were stuck on the ledge below, and pilgrims knelt all round, while old women, asleep from sheer fatigue, rested their heads against its walls. Nor was there the usual silence of Roman Catholic churches, for the low hum of praying voices was rising like a storm; in a strange monotonous, worldless way, coming one hardly knew whence or how, and beating all on one wailing note.

We saw them begin to illuminate the church. It was a curious effect when, at the end of the long dark vista, a brilliant fiery cross glided slowly up from the ground and hung suspended over the high altar. Outside, when all was complete,

the scene was one hard to describe, harder still to forget. Every available place was illuminated uniformly with small, clear oil-lamps. With their soft golden lustre, the lower line of every window in the long convent façade was traced out, displaying the rare beauty of a great concerted illumination, falling in regular ordered lines. The church porch was very brilliant, massed round with lamps, and surmounted by the sacred monogram and a large cross. Moreover, the arcades, the hotels below, and all the houses within sight were traced with the same lustrous golden lines; and high on the hills a large brilliant cross seemed in the darkness to float in the air. In the lower right-hand part of the Platz, a great altar. Behind stood an illuminated transparent picture of the Madonna, and above this a smaller sketch of angel's heads; the golden-tinted lamps surrounded both with a deep border, tracing out arches and pillars of light. The altar was raised on steps covered with scarlet cloth; it faced the cathedral with all the wide stretch of the Platz between, and seemed to wait, as the multitude of people were waiting, for what was to come.

Inside the church there was now scarcely standing-room. The gallery was traced round with lamps. Behind the choir screen all was brilliant light, figures moving to and fro, clouds of incense floating up, dimming the gorgeous vestments of the officiating priests, broken pieces of chant caught up and answered by an organ at the further end of the church. Last came the solemn elevation of the Host; and then the gates were opened, and slowly down the centre of the church moved the long-expected procession. First the chanting choristers with lighted tapers; next the bishops, priests, visitors, a hundred or more; and then, under a splendid canopy, in trailing robes stiff with gold, came the Prince-Abbot, bearing in a high jewelled chalice the consecrated Host; and, as he passed, all fell on their knees or bowed to the very ground.

I wish, and hopelessly wish, I could describe the scene on the Platz. It was a perfect summer night, with neither moon nor cloud, and the dark dome of the sky seemed to quiver with the multitude of the stars. The convent and the church, the arcades and the hotels, all were sketched out with long brilliant lines of light; the great cross on the distant hill, with no visible standing-point, looked like a new wonder of the heavens. On every side, silent and bareheaded, some 10,000

people were waiting; and what they waited for was coming: a long procession with glimmering lines of tapers slowly moving out from the church doors, across the terrace, down the steps, then curving round towards the illuminated altar. As the Abbot came out of the church, the low chant of the choristers was caught up by a sudden burst of military music: as he passed down, the close-pressing lines of people knelt on both sides. He came to the altar, and there prayed, under the starlit sky, with bishops, in vestments only less gorgeous than his own, grouped round him. In the balcony of a house near was a picturesque band of priests, with various instruments, and of choristers who accompanied the service with some beautiful mass-music; the effect was heightened by the soft, distant tones of a hidden organ, which filled every interval. As if to leave no emotion untouched, one was startled now and then by the sudden thunder of cannon from the hills behind. The climax came when the music was hushed, and, amid such silence that his every tone was heard, the Prince-Abbot turned round to the people, and three times raising the Host on high, three times blessed them in the Holy Name; while three times as he paused between, the tolling sound of the cannon shook the air, and the whole multitude knelt on the ground, as if a sudden gentle wind were passing over a field and bending every blade of grass.

Then the procession was formed again, and made its way back to the church.

There is no more to tell. The service was continued, but the crowd in the church had become a real risk to encounter. And so we took our carriages again and drove back to Brunnen, getting there after midnight. But those who were true pilgrims and took no carriage-help fared differently. Crowds of them, we were told, would stay till morning in devotion before the shrine; thousands would sleep in the town, getting what accommodation they could; and very many would pass the night walking home.

I think that at Einsiedeln we were at first inclined — looking only at the gaudy display of pious wares, and at the intermingling of a pretty trade in sweets, umbrellas, and handkerchiefs — to scoff: but we remained to pray. As the day drew on, the earnestness of the pilgrims became very evident. One forgot the vacant gazings, the curious eyes of kneeling and praying pilgrims which followed us through the church: for we began to see that these were exceptional, and that the rule was

one of steady, hearty prayer, of simple faith and real devotion: tempers of mind which neither Protestantism nor philosophy could have improved. And who that saw the vast kneeling multitudes, and heard the chant of importunate voices of men and women dutifully rendering the best worship, perhaps, they were capable of, could wish to make these Swiss pilgrims either philosophers or Protestants?

From Saint Pauls.

OFF THE SKELLIGS.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

ONE day, just after the third house was furnished with its larder, our friend the vicar came in to see me. "Miss Graham," said he, "do you know that this maid of yours is doing a great work? Why, she is reclaiming the people in her court from their barbarity; but now, mark me, this thing will get wind if you don't mind, and then the world will come to look, and good-by to your usefulness."

I was rather alarmed at the notion of people coming to look on.

"Keep it snug, keep it snug," he repeated. "Don't for your life have any conferences, and don't let her mention it at the district meeting. It's all stuff about thinking it your duty to proclaim the good she has been privileged to do, that others may do likewise. Talk and publicity are the ruin of this city. I hope nobody will flatter that woman and spoil her."

Happily the thing did *not* "get wind," and, more happily still, I earned before midsummer ten pounds more by my engraving, and we put larders into the other three houses.

At midsummer I gave up my little pupils, and took to wood-engraving altogether. But I was now much more free. I had done with drawing and engraving lessons, and, without spending more than four hours a day at my art, I could earn one pound ten a week, and sometimes more. As I could live on my income, I did not scruple to devote this money to Anne, and she soon "annexed" another court. We got the houses whitewashed from garret to cellar, and introduced the second of Mr. Brandon's plans. This was a hiring-room. We laid in a stock of panceons, pots, kettles, smoothing-irons, baskets, brooms, gowns, cloaks and bonnets, coats, blankets, sheets, mattresses, Bibles, Prayer-books, bottles,

boxes, etc., etc., and Anne opened it for hiring every day for an hour.

Suppose a woman wanted to make bread, she came and hired a pancheon, cost price tenpence; she paid a penny for the use of it, and when she had hired ten times it became her own property. But perhaps in the meantime it had been lent out ten or twelve times to other women, and yet was manifestly none the worse; therefore we made the pancheon pay for the broom and scrubbing-brush, which were perishable, and which accordingly we gave tenpence for, and sold for fourpence. Thus a woman got a scrubbing-brush when she had hired it four times, and was accommodated with other articles in the same proportion.

The plan cost us very little more than the rent of the rooms, always excepting Anne's time and keep. The clothing, especially the bonnets, I introduced because the usual excuse, and a true one, for never entering a place of worship was that they had no decent clothes to go in. I let one bonnet, gown, and cloak at three halfpence a time for the set, and thus ten sets of clothing enabled thirty women to go to church once each on Sunday, and very soon we sold them at half-price. They could always produce the money, and I had as many candidates as I could supply. Anne and I made the bonnets. We did not attempt to give them a dowdy air, or the least look of workhouse simplicity, but covered the shapes with dark silk, and put in the caps a few bright flowers such as the more decent classes of poor women wear.

I do not speak here of the ordinary London poor who have people to look after them, and as a rule send their children to school, can read and write themselves, and are of such a class as no one is afraid to visit. Our district, especially the part that Anne "annexed" and set up the hiring-room in, was quite below that. The people, as a rule, had no clothes but what they walked about in; the children were under scarcely any control, and though most of them had picked up the accomplishments of reading and writing at ragged schools, any moral teaching that had been given them had glanced off and been lost in the uncongenial atmosphere of home.

At midsummer I began to feel that Anne was a grand person to have and to keep. I hoped no society would get her away from me. I could earn, with no more time spent on work than served to keep me employed and happy, about one pound ten a week; and I let her have it all. She never

began by preaching to people about their faults or even their crimes. She took for granted that they knew they were sinners. What she insisted on with them was that they were miserable, and that God had provided both an earthly and a heavenly remedy.

Some people came to her sometimes who wished her to feel that she ought not to try to prepare the poor to move out of the country, but rather to provide for their being comfortable and happy where they were. I think this notion disturbed Anne at first, for she was taking great pains by means of pictures and evening readings of interesting tales to prepare some of her families to move to Canada. If it was the will of Providence that England should be so full of people, was it flying in the face of Providence to want to redistribute them?

Anne went to Wigfield about this time for a few days' rest, and to see her friends. Then meeting Mr. Brandon, she told him her trouble, and he showed her a map of England. "If the Isle of Wight was crammed with people," he said, "and England almost empty, should you think it wrong in that case to bring over as many as you could?"

"Well, no, sir; but then it is so near. But, sir, I'm told that capital will always attract labour, and England, therefore, must be crowded. They say emigration is only a remedy for a time."

"But that time is our time."

"Only they say that sending folks off does not really get at the root of the matter."

"Excepting in the case of those who go. And don't you think they are worth considering?"

I went to stay with Miss Tott while Anne was at Wigfield. This was before Valentine's year of *freedom* had expired; and now his father was so much better that Giles went to Canada. The Oubit's letters then began to get really interesting, and more manly; he was learning farming of a practical farmer very near his home. He seemed to like it, and seemed also to feel the responsibility of being left to take care of his father's affairs, and in some sort to be in the place that his brother was accustomed to occupy.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"Herken this conseil for thy sickness;
Upon thy glade day have in thy minde
The unware woe of harm that com' th behind."
Chaucer.

The year came to an end. Valentine had not failed to remind me of it, and had

written more than once of his hope that he should come up to London and have my answer in person. But he did not come, and he did not write.

I was surprised; but on the fifth day after the time when I had thought to be asked for my decisive answer, I saw the announcement of Mr. Mortimer's death in the *Times*.

Valentine, the last time he had written, had mentioned that his father was ailing. Dear, beautiful, good old man! he had spent a happy life, and he died a peaceful death.

When I wrote to condole with Valentine, I did not ask any questions as to the future plans of the family; but he told me of his own accord all that I cared to know.

Giles, he said, had left written instructions with him that, under all circumstances, the house and establishment were to be kept up till his return: everything was to go on as usual. He also told me, with his own beautiful frankness, that one of the last things his father had said to him had, in a certain way, concerned me. The old man had told him that he was still very young to engage himself in marriage, and he wished he would yet wait a few months longer.

He conveyed to me the impression that Mr. Mortimer had not left much property behind him; and in a succeeding letter he told me plainly that his father, less prudent for himself than for his step-son, had got involved in some mining speculations, and that when the debts were paid it was thought there would be nothing left for his children.

Mrs. Henfrey had a handsome jointure. He would have nothing; and Liz and Lou would be dependent on Giles, though the latter, with her little portion of a thousand pounds, was to be married to Captain Walker as soon as Giles returned.

Valentine was an affectionate fellow; but I observed that he spoke of his brother as likely to feel Mr. Mortimer's death more than any of them; and I thought this probable, for the old man was very fond and very proud of him; he loved him with the peculiar partiality of amiable old age.

Anne and I went for a few weeks to Hastings during the spring that followed. I had hoped that my uncle would take me on board the "Curlew" that year, but no invitation came, and shortly after our return I was made aware of the reason.

"Madame," said Mrs. Brand, writing to me for the first time, "Master sends his respects to you, and I was to tell you that Mr. Graham has married that young wo-

man after all. Master is, so to speak, heart-broken about it, and doesn't seem to enjoy his meals nor his pipe at all. Dear ma'am, don't take on more than you can help; she was always an impudent hussy, and we knew it must come to this at last. But master had made himself quite a slave to Mr. Graham, to keep it off as long as he could.

"Master says he shouldn't have minded her being a barmaid, no more than nothing at all, if she could have brought him a good character; and he would have taken her on board, and made the best of her; for, said he to me, 'if a young man that has not led a good life is willing to marry, that is a bad fellow who would prevent him, let the girl be who she will.' But bless you, ma'am, he cannot demean himself to notice Mrs. Tom Graham.

"The master cannot seem to settle at all without Mr. Graham, so he never says a word about the marriage to him; and when he chooses to come on board and cruise about a bit he does; but he has taken a small house at Southampton for his wife.

"Mr. Graham has often mentioned you to me, ma'am, lately, and last Tuesday week he said to me, 'If you ever write to my sister, Mrs. Brand, send my love to her.

"So no more at present, from your humble servant,
MERCY BRAND."

It is remarkable on what very slight hints, and even on what unexpected silences, a strong impression can be formed! I knew that this had been long impending; but how I had become possessed of the knowledge, even before going to Wigfield, I cannot say. I had been determined not to acknowledge it even to myself, for it seemed to have no ground to stand upon, and certainly I had nothing to quote for it. I might be wrong, and, therefore, silence was my best course with regard to it.

For this trouble I could find no remedy but patience—and work. My heart went into mourning for this one brother of mine. It seemed so certain that he would deteriorate under such influence, and as he would not write, he was already lost to me.

Some months before I first came on board the "Curlew," he had first met with the woman who was to cast her dark shadow over his future life. He was weak and could not resist, and yet he was obstinate and would not give others a chance of saving him by keeping him out of her way.

I felt Tom's utter loss very keenly, but I struggled against sorrow as well as I could, and I had Valentine's letters to help me, for Valentine was improving fast, and now, as was his due, my heart began to turn to him with affectionate dependence; he had made himself important to me; he was taking pains to fit himself for the important duties of life, and he let me take to myself the comfort of thinking that I was doing him good, that the motives I set before him were not without their effect, and that, under my influence, he was growing more manly, more steady, and more serious.

This was a pleasure, no doubt, but not exactly the kind of pleasure I should have chosen. I wanted to look up, not down; I would gladly have obeyed a master, but I was not to have a master—I was to prepare for myself a faithful and affectionate companion, whom it was to be my province to improve.

I knew this was what I could have, and I often reflected whether it was not better to take the heart that was ready for me, than to stay behind without a friend in this hemisphere, and placed in such a position that it was scarcely possible for me to make friends.

St. George did not reach England till the June after Mr. Mortimer's death, and I no sooner saw him and Valentine together than I became aware how much dearer Valentine was than he, how coolly I could now look on the bad taste he had betrayed in his conduct to me, and how secure I could now feel in the easy frankness, the growing affection, and the steady improvement of the Oubit.

I still admired St. George's unselfishness, his benevolence, and high-minded generosity; but I began to feel that he was not suited for the gentle companionship of daily life. He loved and cared for Valentine with an absorbing affection that he did not now attempt to conceal from me; he seemed to have transferred to him all the regard that he had hitherto bestowed on his father, but he took very little notice of me, and if I had not been expressly assured by Valentine that he was anxious for our marriage, I should have supposed that he disliked the notion of it, for he only came to see me twice, though the two brothers stayed in London a fortnight.

I enjoyed that fortnight. I was fast reconciling myself to the notion of spending my life with Valentine, and I liked to listen to his plans, in which, of course, I was always supposed to play a conspicuous part.

Giles had bought a fine tract of land, with one house on it; they were to build another, and each brother was to occupy one.

It was such a fine climate—neither too hot nor too cold—such streams for fishing, and a fine sea-board and soil—such timber, such shells to be picked up, such ferns to be gathered, that gradually, as I listened to the enthusiastic voice (which, by-the-by, was no longer cracked), I began to grow enthusiastic in my turn, and consider how delightful it would be to begin a new life in a new country—a useful, free, active life, with at least one person to whose happiness I should be of consequence and among others whom I had worked for and helped to reclaim from barbarism.

So Valentine and Giles went away again—the latter having set plans on foot, in the courts and alleys where Anne visited, which were to result in the sending out of about forty people—men, women, and children. How hard he worked!—vigorous hand and comprehensive brain both brought to bear on the plans he was maturing. He came to see me, as I said, twice—the first time he stayed only a few minutes; the second time he stayed two hours, and spent them in giving me instructions and advice, that I might be able to go on with what he had begun.

"It is most desirable," he observed, "that these very people should be settled about our land, for they have a perfect enthusiasm for you, and would do anything in the world to serve and please you."

"No wonder!" exclaimed Valentine, coming up and sparring at him with clenched fists; "hasn't she devoted her whole time to them, except the few hours spent in scribbling to me? Oh, why was I thrown among such excellent people! Giles, you villain, you've sailed all over the world on purpose to make me feel small; you and Dorothea have been the ruin of me; I'm crushed beneath the weight of your excellences! Sir, you have much to answer for! If it wasn't for the presence of a lady, I would knock you down. What business, indeed, have you to be so much better than your neighbours?"

"Come, none of this!" said Giles, starting up and laughing; "if you want to knock me down, set to work and have done with it; show your prowess in this presence, which ought to inspire you."

"On second thoughts, Dorothea," said Valentine, turning to me, "on second

thoughts—though I could easily do it, mind you!—I shall forbear. ‘Birds in their little nests agree, and ‘tis a shocking sight,’ &c. No, Giles, this once I won’t do it. It’s a weak point of his, D. dear, to think he’s strong. You may sit down again, Giles; your brother has forgiven you. Speak to him, Dorothea.”

“Sit down, Mr. Brandon, Valentine will excuse you this once for being his superior, and you cannot very well throw him out of this window, because there is an area outside.”

Mr. Brandon, however, did not sit down again; he had laughed; but when we began to talk together, he went to the window, and stood gravely looking out, as if lost in thought. In that attitude he continued till Valentine said he was ready to go, and he then turned and shook hands with me, and sighed. He looked gloomy enough then, perhaps a little irate also, for Valentine had kept him waiting some time, and it was scarcely possible that they could reach their train.

They set off. I knew it would be two months before I should see Valentine again; but I was easy on this point—he never gave me the least cause to be otherwise. Early in August, Mrs. Henfrey, Liz, and Valentine were going to the sea-side; Anne and I were to visit the same place, and there I was to give to Valentine my final answer.

The time passed not unpleasantly. I earned a good deal of money for the outfits of my people; but I never improved in wood-engraving beyond a certain point: I attained great facility and quickness, but was conscious myself that I should never excel. I had illustrated several little books of small importance, and never was in want of work; therefore I did not care particularly to find that I was not to advance any further; for if I did go to New Zealand, I should not exercise the art there, and in the meantime I could earn two guineas a week, and spend it on my emigrants.

Mr. Brandon came up again to London in July; I never saw him, excepting in the district, whither I now sometimes went with Anne. It was a great undertaking to ship off so many people, and the weather was intensely hot, which added to his fatigue. My chief business was with the clothing required, and I often sat up till three o’clock in the morning, working through the summer nights, with the windows open to admit the night air, which was fresh and wholesome, compared with what we had to breathe in the day.

Always cheerful, always kind to the people, reassuring the women, instructing the men, I heard of Mr. Brandon day by day, though I did not see him; and I heard from Valentine, sometimes every week, sometimes oftener.

One day he sent me a little hamper of plants by the railway. I unpacked them myself, as Anne was out, and set them one by one on my table. Afterwards I noticed that the pots were wrapped in paper that had been written upon. Old exercises I thought the writing looked like: it was clear and round, and very distinct. The flowers were more attractive than these papers, and I do not think my eye was drawn to the writing again for two days, when, as I sat quietly engraving, these words were clearly seen: “Tell you what I have been about, my lad? Don’t flatter yourself: I shall do no such thing. ‘A man who cannot mind his own business is not to be trusted with the king’s.’ Besides you might treat my letters as you do Miss——” Here a hiatus.

How queer of Valentine, I thought, to use old letters to wrap his pots in! And I felt rather pained to think that perhaps he laid my letters about in the same way.

I took off this bit of paper, destroyed it, glanced at another pot, and these solemn words met my eyes: “It is not possible truly to believe that He gave life and yet not to love the Giver; it is not possible to human nature to love without trying to please the object of the love. And how can you talk with contempt of small beginnings and worthless attempts? If God does not despise ‘the day of small things,’ you must not despise it either.”

It made the blood rush to my face to think that Anne, and the servants, and Mrs. Bolton, and her pupils, might all probably have read this letter. I began to suspect who alone could have written thus to Valentine, and when I turned the pot to the other side the writing was too fatally clear for a single word to be mistaken. “I have paid your bills, and, you young scapegrace, don’t leave this about, for I should feel humiliated if any living soul saw that I demeaned myself to the pitch of caring so much about you. Why can’t you burn your letters instead of throwing them about the floors, and wiping your razors on them?”

That was all; the paper was torn away, and I saw no signature. But Valentine had also sent me some seeds of mignonette; they, as I remembered, were twisted in written paper, in the same clear hand. I took them, turned them upside down,

that I might not read the writing, and proceeded to empty them into a glass; but fate was too cunning for me. The name was signed cornerwise, where I could not fail to see it: Your loving brother, G. B."

I felt exceedingly vexed. This, then, was a letter addressed to Valentine by Giles, and containing a particular request, which he had not attended to. It alluded to a habit of his which made me blush, and wonder what he did with my letters. Was he likely to correspond with any other *Miss* beside myself? I thought not; then in all probability, the letters that Giles had picked up were my letters.

I did not like to question Valentine about this, but it had a sensible effect on my mind. I wrote more cautiously, and I believe that till August came, and my people were shipped off, and Anne and I, both looking very pale after long residence in London, had reached the pretty little bay where we were to spend our holidays, I had never forgotten the ill-omened piece of paper for an hour.

A pretty little cottage had been taken for us by Mrs. Henfrey. It was near their own lodgings, and was covered with china roses and passion flower. Valentine met us at the railway, and showed such simple and natural delight that I was touched. Who was I, indeed, that he should care so long for one who had given so little in return?

When I had changed my dress he took me to his sister, and I drank tea with her and Liz, Valentine being in such high spirits, and so openly complimentary, that I saw he was in no doubt as to my accepting him.

He was, indeed, a fine fellow; his cough had left him, and though he stooped a little, he betrayed no other sign of weak health. He had all his father's beauty of feature; the brown whiskers that he had prophesied of were come. And as he sat opposite to me in his sea-side costume, I could not help looking at him and admiring him.

"Valentine looks well, my dear," observed Mrs. Henfrey.

"And is well," said Liz.

"Good action," Valentine added, "warranted to go quietly in harness, no vice—rising twenty-two next grass."

Mrs. Henfrey laughed, and made some remark about his going in harness.

"Why, yes," said Valentine, "the sooner I make up my mind to it the better. Look at Walker, Lou takes away all his money, and only allows him a shilling a day for his little pleasures."

"Excepting what he spends in turn-pikes," observed Mrs. Henfrey! "she pays that."

"If I were Captain Walker," I remarked, "I should not allow that. I should choose to be master in my own house."

"Hear her!" cried Valentine. "Well, if I ever have a wife," he continued, with affected modesty and confusion, "as there is nothing I desire so much as to please you, I shall endeavour to be master in my own house."

It was a glorious evening, and the quiet sea was sending up crisp little wavelets among the roundest of pebbles and the cleanest of sand. Valentine took me out for a walk, and I felt all the extasy that the clear sky, and wooded cliffs, and sunny sea can impart, when one has long been pent up in a city, working hard and thinking much.

Those were very pleasant days. We rambled about, pleased with each other, but not talking in lover-like fashion. I always instinctively checked such talk, and he followed my lead. At last, when we had been together a week, he one day said, as we were walking home with baskets full of shells and seaweed, "Well, D. dearest, have you made up your mind?"

"About what?" I asked.

"Why, whether you'll have me. I've waited very patiently."

"So you have."

"And Giles says we really ought to sail next Christmas. Come, say yes, and have done with it."

"Very well; I do say yes."

"You do!" he exclaimed, throwing up his cap and catching it again; "then I say hurra!"

We walked together in silence for half a mile, and then he said,—

"Why have you hesitated so long, dear?"

"Because I did not think we cared enough for each other."

"And you think so still?"

"Yes; but the time is so near that now it does not so much signify."

"Very true," he answered, as quietly as possible; "it's not likely, you know, that in such a little while I should see any one I like better. And if I don't love you enough, it's certain that I love you better than anybody else."

I think that was all that passed between me and this amiable, sweet-tempered fellow. I felt that what he had said of himself was also true of me. And I began to see that when we were once married we had every likelihood of happiness. I should

care ten times more for him when I had made it my duty and the occupation of my life to do so. And he would have few people to compare with me out in New Zealand. I should be useful and even necessary to him, and I fully believed that he would never regret the wife he had chosen.

So we walked home quietly together. He showed that he was in good spirits by singing a little now and then; but he did not kiss me, or even take my hand. When I came in Mrs. Henfrey asked me to dine with her, and I agreed, and went up stairs to take off my bonnet. In the meantime Valentine had told his sisters what had passed, and when I came down they both kissed and congratulated me.

And so this matter was settled. I certainly had expected it to be accomplished with more dignity; but when the question was asked I was ready with my answer. I had taken plenty of time to consider, and at last had made up my mind, not that I greatly loved Valentine, but that I could not give up the only being who greatly loved me.

After this I was very cheerful and contented. Every day seemed to justify me to myself, for Valentine was in delightful spirits, pleased with me and everything I did; and never so happy as when we were rambling about together, or sitting talking under the deep shadows of the crags.

There was one morning that made, as I supposed at the time, no especial impression on me. I had on a hat and feather, his first present to me for my personal adornment, excepting the ring. We sat together in a little cove, sorting some shells that we had collected, as we had frequently done before, and a little vessel sailed across the blue water, rocking prettily and gleaming white in the sunshine. The tide had gone out and laid bare the rocks covered with seaweed, and we saw a man stepping lightly among them, and sometimes standing still and gazing out to sea.

"Whoever that fellow is," said Valentine, "he's not as happy as I am."

I do not very often dream, but what I have dreamed once I dream again. Many many times since have I dreamt of that scene: the overhanging crags, the delicate little heaps of shells, the fluttering of the feathers in my hat, and the solitary figure, concerning which Valentine was pleased to remark, "he is not as happy as I am."

We had passed a pleasant week since our engagement. Sometimes we read together, and sometimes we practised. Valentine's voice was, as I have said before, no longer cracked; but it was not at all a

good one,—it was poor, thin, and of small compass, yet it was his great ambition to sing. And I spent many an hour practising his songs with him, and artfully accompanying them, humouring him in the tune and covering his defects as well as I could.

"Well," said Valentine, rising reluctantly, "I suppose I ought to go and meet old Giles at the station."

I had known that Giles was coming that morning, but it had slipped out of my mind, and I now said that if he would not be away more than an hour I would sit there and wait for him. The little station was just a quarter of a mile off; he had only to climb the winding path in the cliff, and cross a strip of wild heath, and there it was.

I sat there alone and thanked God for my present happiness. The recreation and pleasure of the country and the sea were very great; the comfort of the defined future was also great; and though I felt none of the jealousies, the absorbing interest, nor the restless excitement that I heard ascribed to lovers, I was happy, and knew that I was likely to be more so.

A man who began so gradually and reasonably to care for, and deliberately preferred, without idolizing me, was likely, as I now began to feel, to preserve his liking when I had shown him that I deserved it by returning it. There was no over-estimation to begin with, and sink to its natural level; there was no enthusiasm to cool, and nothing to be found out. We were both thoroughly well acquainted with one another, and now that I liked him well, I began to see that we were better suited to each other than most people. Only, I said to myself, if I might have had a master! But I checked that thought, it was so mean; and I confess that the notion of being the ruling spirit was not distasteful, if only it could be concealed from others! To have my own way, and yet to have other people think that my husband ruled, would, I thought, be not disagreeable, and I resolved that it should be so. I had already been able to make Valentine take my views of certain little matters and act upon them, thinking they were his own. I resolved to do it again.

Sitting quite alone in the clear heat of that exquisite August day, I let my heart sun itself with the beauty around. That nimble and delicious air seemed to pervade me, and make me more buoyant and joyous. My thoughts and the pictures that imagination was painting for me of my future mustered colour and freshness from

the vivid colouring about me. The murmuring noise of London being hushed, I could hear the exquisite tinkling of the water that only just curled its clear brink as it broke on the pebbles. And this water was making the very music I was to live near out in New Zealand. I listened, and it seemed to prophesy a pleasant something. The water only gave the music, but I set words to it, and the music and the words together were delightful to my heart. The water turned out to be a true prophet. I did not. The words I had sung to it were not half good enough, and were all wrong from the beginning to the end.

Voices close at hand — Valentine's and another. Before I had time to change my attitude they turned the corner of the cliffs and entered the tiny cove.

"Here he is," said Valentine, and Giles, lifting his hat, stooped to give me his hand as I sat, and smiled affectionately.

They sat down, Valentine beside me, Giles in front of us. I was conscious directly of a great change for the better in the manner of the latter. He was now quite friendly to me, and having come down to make holiday, he had left business behind him, and forgotten for the time his coppers and baths, his lectures, emigrants, and schools, and was enjoying the scene about him with tranquil contentment.

So I thought; and when Valentine told me that he was the man whom he had seen walking among the rocks, I remarked, "Then you were mistaken about 'that man.'"

"I had no sooner climbed the cliff," continued Valentine, "than he recognized me and waved his wideawake."

"What did Valentine say about 'that man'?" asked Giles.

Valentine told him: he listened with quiet attention. Perhaps our circumstances, and this tacit confession of Valentine's pride in them, touched and pleased him; certain it is that he looked at us both with a smile both sweet and sunny, as one might well do who knew that he had made two young people happy, and shaped their pleasant prospects for them, and smoothed their way.

"And why did you say he was mistaken?" he asked, addressing me.

His eyes and his whole face were full of such a much higher kind of happiness than Valentine had exulted in, that I felt I had spoken suddenly, and now would have given something to have been silent.

"You must have been very uncommonly jolly indeed, old Giles," said Valentine,

"if you were then as jolly as I was — besides, you were all alone."

"My dear boy, I don't at all doubt that you are as happy as you know how to be, — perfectly brimful of happiness."

"And not as happy as you would be if you were engaged and in my circumstances?"

"No."

"Nor as happy as I am now?"

"That was Miss Graham's opinion. I have nothing to do with it."

"You're a miserable bachelor."

"That's my own fault."

"O the conceit of mankind! I have no doubt he thinks, D., that he could be engaged to-morrow if I liked."

"Not the least question of it," he answered.

"Then why don't you set about it?" asked Valentine.

"I mean to do! — there is nothing I am more convinced of than that I should be happier married."

"O yes! that abstract question is settled, but the moment one ventures to point out some particular lady —"

"Why, then, being such a modest man, I always remark that I know she would not have me."

"Just hear him, D., how idly and contentedly he talks: not a spark of enthusiasm, no fervour, no earnestness. O Giles, I wouldn't be you for a good deal. You can sit opposite to the sweetest face, and the most killing hat and feather, and never remark them in the least."

"There you are mistaken; I admire the hat and feather exceedingly."

"And not the wearer, Giles?"

Before Giles could answer I started up and said it was time to be walking homewards. The conversation changed to boating and fishing. Valentine and I had been out the whole of the previous morning in a boat, and had only caught two very small mullet. We related our adventures, and Giles criticised the rigging of the fishing smacks. Then Valentine launched out in praise of my skill in rowing and climbing cliffs; my feats in walking long distances, and my other excellences, while I tried to stem the torrent of his encomiums, and Giles indulgently listened and smiled.

Liz and Mrs. Hentfrey loved to sit in a bathing machine reading a novel. Giles liked sailing and fishing. And Valentine and I liked to ramble about, and sit talking under the cliffs. Sometimes in the evening Valentine sang, and Giles groaned over his false notes, and shivered with the torture his mistakes inflicted on him.

"What a pity you will sing, my dear!" said Mrs. Henfrey, one night. "Here's all this good accompanying lost upon you; whereas, if Dorothea played for Giles to sing to it, it would be a treat to hear them."

This very unflattering speech for once put Valentine out of temper, and he marched into the little garden. I sat before the piano for a few minutes while Mrs. Henfrey continued her remarks to Giles, but he did not offer to sing nor I to play, and I presently went out into the moonlight, and soothed Valentine with a little harmless flattery, to the effect that I liked playing for him better than for any one else, and that he would soon sing better if he took pains.

Meanwhile, even as I talked to him, I seemed to become conscious of a slight change, which I appeared to myself then to have acted on before, though unconsciously. It seemed to have become my province to please him, no longer his to please me, and as I continued to excuse Mrs. Henfrey's speech, and show that I had always liked to play for him, I felt that several times before I had had the same kind of thing to do, and I said to myself that surely I need not trouble myself with the fear of ruling, for I had met with a master after all.

We went in again; but Valentine had not quite recovered his temper, and I by various little arts and slight attentions gradually restored it, till Giles helped me by proposing to read aloud, for which I was grateful, seeing that it was done on my behalf.

His voice, almost as fine in reading as in singing, was not without a soothing effect on Valentine; besides, the reading gave him space for reflection, and when it was over he talked as usual, till Anne Molton came to fetch me home, and he walked with me, when he burst out with, "I hate to be compared with Giles; the comparison is so damaging to me."

I said nothing, and he presently added — "It's astonishing to me that you can't see how much he is above me."

"I do see it. I see that he is above us both, but not in everything."

"In what one thing am I equal to him?"

"In temper. You have quite as good a temper as he has. I think a better one."

"Thank you, Dorothea. Anything else?"

"Yes; you are taller."

"Pooh."

"And handsomer."

"D, you will soon put me in a good temper."

"And more fond of ladies' society?"

"Yes."

"Particularly of mine?"

"That I am."

"We'll play and sing that song together to-morrow, when they are all out."

"So we will, Dorothea. Oh, what a nice little thing you are!"

So we did, taking care to see the remainder of the party safe out of the house. Then, when even I was weary of the practising, we came out, and wandered along the quiet shore towards a tiny cove, in which we often sat. We went on till we reached a promontory, from which the tide never receded, and climbed up a steep path till we stood on the top of it. It was crowned with a wood, which we passed through, and approached our cove from above, crossing the narrow promontory and looking down. On the soft, white sand below a man was lying full length, leaning on his elbow and gazing out to sea.

"It's Giles," said Valentine. "Well, if we are not to have the place to ourselves, I would rather he shared it with us than that any one else did."

Giles had been so pleasant and brother-like to me lately, that I no longer felt ill at ease in his company, and stood looking on while Valentine set down the lunch-basket, and threw little pebbles towards him. They did not reach him. He was either asleep or in a deep fit of abstraction, and we slowly wound down the steep path towards him, nearly reaching him before he looked up; which he did at last with great gravity; and as he betrayed no surprise, and did not accost us, we took no notice of him, but set our basket down close to him, and spread the cloth, as if he had not been there, leaving him by slow degrees to rouse himself from his deep abstraction.

"When Mr. Brandon comes home," I said to Valentine, "he shall have some of these white-heart cherries."

"Comes home!" he asked. "From whence?"

"From wherever you have been, this last half-hour."

He darted a look at me, and an absolute flush mounted over his brow. "What is a man's home!" he asked, to my surprise. "Is it the place where his thoughts dwell?"

"I did not mean to raise such a question, and I cannot answer it, so I shall change my remark to Valentine, and say when Mr. Brandon comes down he shall have some of these white-heart cherries."

"Was it your pleasure to suppose that

I had reached some height and was exulting there?"

"Yes; and looking down at the prospect," I replied, vexed at the evident despondency and almost shame of his manner, and wishing to convey to him, for the first time, some hint that I was grateful to him for his goodness to Valentine, in which I was to be the sharer. "You were looking down from some New Zealand eminence, perhaps, and you saw a pretty house, round the balconies of which I hear that you have planted some vines and some passion-flowers and some cluster roses."

"You are mistaken," he answered, hastily; "I was down, not up — very low down indeed — grovelling."

"Very well," I replied; "He that is down need fear no fall."

"Hear, hear," said Valentine. "D., my dear, after the pains you have taken to cure me of quoting, I am pleased to find that you are taking to it yourself. 'Rolls, ham sandwiches, buns, cherries, and ginger beer.' Dorothea, serve out the rations. Take a cabbage-leaf, settler, by way of a plate; we are rehearsing our parts to play life in New Zealand, Giles."

"In that case you had better dispense with the table-cloth."

"Anything else?"

"Yes, the hat and feather."

"No, Giles," said Valentine, with great seriousness; "I always mean her to have a hat and feather, and to be got up just as she is now: my happiness will greatly depend on that." He broke into a laugh as he spoke, and went on, "When you have a wife, I know you will be exceedingly particular about her dress."

"On the contrary, I mean to have one who will look well in anything."

"The old story, always looking for impossibilities. Liz heard from Jane Wilson yesterday."

"What has that to do with it?" said Mr. Brandon, thrown off his guard.

"You know best. They are coming. Dorothea, have you a spare cabbage-leaf for Giles to fan himself with, he looks hot? Jane's a fine creature. Don't laugh, D.; how can you be so unfeeling? I say, Giles, she's a fine creature."

"And these are fine cherries," said Mr. Brandon.

"Well, if there is one thing that I thoroughly detest it is a dogged insensibility to the charms of womankind."

I could not help saying, "I do not observe the insensibility." On the contrary, I did observe a curious kind of embarrassment and a mounting flush over the healthy

forehead, and I thought to myself, "Jane Wilson's preference is rewarded at last."

I wondered whether she would understand him, or at all enter into the needs of a nature so peculiar, so strong, and so capable, as he had shown me, of a deep and almost romantic attachment. Sometimes people are conscious of other people's eyes, through they are looking away from them. Mr. Brandon was conscious of mine then, I suppose, for he brought himself to glance at me, and I thought he had the air of a man who felt that he was found out.

He was quietly putting his hand into the dry white sand, and sifting it through his fingers in search of the minute shells that it contained, and at the same time humming over the words of a little French song.

"There's nothing more odd to my mind than to hear you sing," observed Valentine, "because your voice is so different from your feelings."

"You and Miss Graham are exceedingly personal in your remarks this morning," replied Giles, "and you neither of you know anything about my feelings."

"I know that you are a very jolly fellow, and that your feelings, whatever they may be, are kept as close as —"

"As potted shrimps," interrupted Giles, "with the layer of butter at top."

"And yet you sing like a nightingale with —"

"Stop, my lad, vary the simile; say a stormcock with a hairpin sticking in, under his left pinion." And so saying he went on to the end of the little song, at first with a joyous defiant air that suited well with the words, and at last with a touch of tenderness that made the tears start into my eyes.

"D.," said Valentine, "what makes you look at Giles with that pretty kind of wistful interest? I suppose you are cogitating about him and the coming fair one."

This remark was naturally rather embarrassing to Giles, and I stammered out some foolish excuse, saying, that I did not know I had stared at him.

But I had been cogitating about him and the coming fair one, and so there was no denying it.

"I should like to hear Jane Wilson and Dorothea having a feminine quarrel," said Valentine, mischievously; "it would be so pretty to hear that deep voice, mellow and manly, answered by this sweet little childish pipe so small and clear. Perhaps, Giles, we may hear them quarrel some day."

"You never will," I said. "I shall take a great interest in her."

Mr. Brandon replied with some hesitation, "Do, she is a good girl, and as to her voice some people consider it agreeable."

"Cautious," observed Valentine.

"Come, have done with this," said Giles, with sudden vehemence.

"To be sure. I'll talk of something else. Do you know, D., that last night late, Giles and I took a stroll, and I made a few observations in reply to a lecture that he gave me?"

"He told me what you had said respecting my temper, height, and features, Miss Graham. You need not look so much disconcerted, I felt flattered."

"I am glad of it."

"I am aware that you did not intend to flatter me, but Valentine; but it my humour to be cheerful."

"I forgot that Valentine was in the habit of telling everything to you."

"He is my safety-valve," observed Valentine; "such a stunning fellow in general to hold his tongue and march on apparently listening, but often thinking of something else. Well, D., last night I was launching out a little about you, and he being very silent, I naturally thought he was attending."

"Poor Mr. Brandon!"

"And I was warming with my subject, and in the full tide of eloquence, when he heaved up a deep sigh and stopped short, looking out to sea. Being thus brought to, I stopped also and looked out, saying, 'What's the matter, old fellow?' and he answered after a pause, 'I've not eaten a single lobster since I've been at this stupid place.' Only imagine, while I was enlarging on the sweets of domestic life and the happy future, he was thinking about eating!"

"I'm sorry Mr. Brandon, that you have so much to suffer on my account."

"Don't mention it," he answered, laughing.

"It's what he'll do himself when he is in my circumstances," said Valentine.

St. George, on hearing this, elevated his eyebrows with an air of astonishment, and almost scorn. He seemed about to say something, but thought better of it, and laughed instead, not by any means with a flattering air, but as if, well as he knew Valentine, the remark had quite taken him by surprise.

"Well?" said Valentine.

"Is it a good or a bad thing for a man to have no thoughts or feelings too strong or too deep to be expressed?"

"Giles, you never used to put these metaphysical questions to a fellow. Why,

a good thing, I should say, when one has somebody to talk to."

This slight hint that Valentine's feelings could be neither deep nor strong hurt me, however, chiefly, I believe, because I supposed it to be correct, and I could not help saying that I had often heard it remarked how much the affections grew by being exercised. "Besides," I went on, conscious all the time that I was arguing against my own secret convictions, "people are not all gifted with equal powers of expression, and if two people feel equally, one may be able eloquently to describe while the other is mute, not from more feeling but from fewer words."

He seemed inclined to put the question by, but Valentine would not let him, and went on till he said, "I never had a thought or image in my mind that I could not translate into language, if I chose; but sensations and passions are different: words lie below them or fly over their heads. I cannot convey them unless they are slight and feeble, and that is lucky for me, for I have no desire to do so."

"I think I could," said Valentine.

"You could not convey to another person's mind the knowledge of what precise degree of anger you felt against him, or what pity or love for him; you would use superlatives to express the extreme of your love or your dislike, and he could but use the same superlatives, though he might be capable of ten times keener love and dislike."

"Yes," I said, "that is true, yet we know who feels much and who feels little; one man's words do not affect us because they do not affect himself, he says them with ease and coolness; another's affect us very much, though he may say less, because we see that he is affected by them himself, utters them with difficulty, and feels an intense meaning in them."

He smiled and answered, "You and I are not devoid of penetration; we can read character and detect motives. We think so, do we not?"

"I think I can read motives."

"You know what motives would prompt you to certain actions, and therefore you impute them to others—to myself for instance. You and Valentine have been exercising your penetration on me all the morning."

"Have we done it to any purpose?"

"What an audacious young lady! No, Valentine never hit the mark, but fell far short of it."

"And I?"

"You have occasionally appeared to me

to come near it, but I have found afterwards that you had far overshot it. As a general rule, I should say that you are prone to do so; you go too deep, and look too far off, and are too fond of analyzing."

"Have I shown that to-day?"

"Only with your eyes."

"I shall be careful how I use my eyes for the future, and if possible seeing with me shall not be believing."

From Fraser's Magazine.

OUR GREAT-GRANDMOTHERS;
OR, SKETCHES FROM MONTAGU HOUSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FLEMISH INTERIORS."

PART III.

Those who are ascending the ladder of greatness become too giddy to form a sound and serious judgment.
MRS. MONTAGU'S LETTERS.

THE Diary of Madame d'Arblay (at that time Fanny Burney) gives us a series of entertaining pictures of the Georgian epoch, and among our great-grandmothers of those who frequented the literary *réunions* at Montagu House. This class of information, which might have been of the fullest, is disappointingly meagre throughout these verbose volumes, page after page being occupied in wearying repetitions of all the pretty compliments that were, or were not, paid to the self-centred writer. She seems, indeed, to grudge the mention of any name that does not in some way or other contribute to magnify her own consequence.

Of Mrs. Montagu she speaks, as she speaks of other celebrities of the time, with a flippant familiarity intended to indicate the degree of intimacy she enjoyed, but which we find in many cases was by no means as close as she would have us believe; and she certainly makes the most of her backstairs position, which she took so much trouble first to obtain, and then to relinquish, in the household of the "Sweet Queen."

There is a distasteful invidiousness in her remarks on Mrs. Montagu, on whose character she comments with a freedom in no way justified by her powers of discernment, which never seem to have revealed to her the vulgarity, the toadyism, and the ridiculous vanity of her own mind, self-betrayed in her diary. It is doubtful if these volumes would often be opened but for the insight into the private and domestic history of the Court, and the anecdotes illustrative of the manners of society during a former age, which it is, naturally, most

interesting to study. Curious and amusing as such details may be, however, we cannot repress certain misgivings as to the genuineness of the information we find; and at best we feel that, even if all we read be true, we are indebted for it to the domestic treachery of the writer. At the same time, the self-glorification and conceit by which she is actuated are so palpable in every page, that we are continually tempted to lay down the book with the conviction that the sayings and doings of her contemporaries are only reported—more probably fabricated—to supply multiplied opportunities of speaking of herself. Of the passages in which Mrs. Montagu is mentioned, we are disappointed to find scarcely any information respecting this lady beyond a minute account of the opinion she entertained of the "gifted authoress of *Evelina*" and her "extraordinary work."

In short, were we to rely upon this source for the history of the period it professes to describe, we should remain convinced that never was there another epoch in the world's history illustrated by such a genius as "loveliest Burney" (!), never lived there such a family as that composed of herself and her relatives, and that never before was creation astonished by such a production as *Evelina*.

With some difficulty we disentangle from the egotistical jargon of these pages a few facts relating to Mrs. Montagu and her friends. Among others, one which fixes the period when Montagu House was completed and fit for habitation.

It appears that one day in the earlier part of 1778 Mrs. Montagu was dining at Mrs. Thrale's, accompanied by Miss Gregory, daughter of the author of *A Father's Legacy to his Daughters*, at that time living with her: in the course of conversation Mrs. Montagu spoke of her "new house," on which Johnson enquired whether she intended to invite him to it.

"To be sure," replied Mrs. Montagu, looking well pleased, "or else I sha'n't like it; but I invite all the company to my housewarming next Easter Day. I fix that day now, that it may be remembered."

This brief digression from the main subject of Miss Burney's thoughts is, however, immediately followed by the account of a special invitation to the "authoress of *Evelina*," and a long conversation (of questionable merit) on the origin of the book, and all particulars relating to it. As we have remarked, unless Miss Burney can contrive to introduce Mrs. Montagu

as paying some compliment to her eternal self or her co-eternal *Evelina*, she mentions her either very briefly or with some disparaging observation. Thus, although at p. 127, vol. i., she quotes the opinion of Dr. Johnson to the effect that Mrs. Montagu's approval of the book in question would go far to aid its success, and at p. 164 adds the testimony of Mr. Crisp, who expresses his satisfaction that Miss Burney should have secured her for her friend, she altogether loses sight of these admissions in other passages, where she evinces her contempt for the opinion of this literary magnate. At Bath, in 1870, the literary meetings at which Mrs. Montagu shone so much, were taking place, and are recorded in this diary. "Speaking of one of these evenings," Fanny Burney says, in her commonplace style, "Mrs. Montagu was there; she and Mrs. Thrale: both flashed away admirably."

A day or two after, at a similar meeting, comprising Mrs. Poyntz, Lady Spencer, Miss Gregory, Lord Mulgrave, the Hon. Augustus Phipps, Sir Cornwallis Maud, Mr. Cholmley, Mrs. Byron (grandmother of the poet), Augusta Byron, Mrs. and Miss Leigh, and others, Mrs. Montagu, who was present, "talked of nothing but *Evelina*." A little farther on Miss Burney says:

"We see Mrs. Montagu very often, and I have already spent six evenings with her at various houses. I am very glad," she continues, "at this opportunity of seeing so much of her, for, allowing a little for parade and ostentation, which her power in wealth, and rank in literature allow some excuse for, her conversation is very agreeable; she is always reasonable and sensible, and sometimes instructive and entertaining."

On the Friday following, still at Bath, Mrs. Montagu had an assembly consisting of the same *coterie*.

"We had a very entertaining evening, for Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Thrale, and Lord Mulgrave talked all the talk, and talked it so well, no one else had a wish beyond hearing them."

Various other such assemblies, at all of which Mrs. Montagu was the star, are described; and then follows the account of one "at Mrs. Montagu's, to meet the Bishop of Chester." "This," says Miss Burney, "proved a very gloomy kind of grandeur; the Bishop waited for Mrs. Thrale to speak, Mrs. Thrale for the Bishop; so neither spoke at all! Mrs. Montagu cared not a fig, as long as she spoke herself, and she harangued away."

Writing to Mrs. Thrale, February 8, 1781, Miss Burney says:

"What you tell me of Mrs. Montagu and Mrs. Carter gives me real concern. It is a sort of general disgrace to us; but, as you say, it shall have nothing to do with you and I." (This seems strange grammar for the "authoress of *Evelina*," but elegance of style was rare at this period.) "Mrs. Montagu, as we have often agreed, is a character rather to respect than love, for she has not that *don d'aimer*"—the writer has evidently misapprehended this expression—"by which alone love can be made fond or faithful; and many as are the causes by which respect may be lessened, there are very few by which it can be afterwards restored to its first dignity."

Mrs. Thrale says of Mrs. Montagu, in a letter of about the same date, with ill-disguised irony, and as if to please her envious correspondent, Miss Burney:

"Yesterday I had a *conversazione*. Mrs. Montagu was brilliant in diamonds, solid in judgment, critical in talk."

On many occasions, however, it answers Miss Burney's purpose to let us know that Mrs. Montagu was "extremely courteous;" but, then, how could she be otherwise to the "authoress of *Evelina*?"

Throughout the passages where Mrs. Montagu is mentioned, she is in Miss Burney's hands simply the peg on which to hang the rags of glory with which she would have us believe she was continually being decorated.

Of the usual character of these passages is the following, but we extract it for the sake of the graphic picture it affords of the interior of Montagu House, and of the style of the entertainments given there, as well as of the society that frequented them.

"This morning (May 25, 1792) I went to a very fine public breakfast given by Mrs. Montagu; the instant I came into the gallery I had the melancholy satisfaction of being seen by Sir George Howard; there is no affectation mixed with his sorrow for poor Lady Effingham: he had tears in his eyes immediately, but he spoke cheerfully and asked after my dear father very kindly.

"Mrs. Montagu I saw next; she was extremely courteous: they were all very sorry to miss my father. . . .

"When we came to the Feather-Room, I was accosted by Mr. Seward, and he entered into a gay conversation, detaining me agreeably enough in a very pleasant station by one of the windows. He had a

gentleman with him, whom he introduced as Mr. Boscawen's son, and who proved to be Lord Falmouth.

"I then made for the dining-room, which was fitted for a breakfast upon this occasion, and very splendidly, though to me, who have so long been familiar to sights and decorations, no show of this sort is new or striking.(1)

"A sight that gave me more pleasure was Mrs. Ord and her daughter. . . .

"The crowd of company was such that we could only slowly make way in any part. There could not be fewer than four or five hundred people. It was like a full Ranelagh by daylight. We next met Mr. Porteus. . . .

"We then went round the rooms, which were well worth examination and admiration; and we met friends and acquaintance at every other step. Among these, Major Renell, Miss Coussmaker, Lady Rothes, Dr. Russell, who was in high spirits and laughed heartily at seeing the prodigious meal most of the company made of cold chicken, ham, fish, &c., and said 'he should like to see Mrs. Montagu make the experiment of inviting all the same party to dinner at three o'clock. "Oh!" they would cry, "three o'clock! What does she mean? Who can dine at three o'clock? One has no appetite—one can't swallow a morsel—it's altogether impossible!" Yet, let her invite the same people and give them a dinner, while she *calls* it a breakfast, and see but how prettily they can find appetites."

"While we were examining the noble pillars in the new room, I heard an exclamation of 'Est-il possible?' 'Suis-je heureuse?' 'Est-ce bien, ma chère Mdlle. Bourni, que je vois?' &c. Need I say this was Madame de la Fite, who," &c. &c. . . .

"She kept my hand closely grasped between both her own with a most resolute *empressment*," &c., "to the great inconvenience of those who wanted to pass, for we were at one of the entrances into the great room; and how long she might have continued this fond detention I know not, if a lady whose appearance vied for show and parade with Madame de la Fite's had not called out aloud, 'I am extremely happy indeed to see Miss Burney!'"

"This was Mrs. Hastings. . . . Major Renell took charge of my catering and regale; Dr. Russell made up our little *coterie*, and Lord Mulgrave startled me by his hollow voice when he came up suddenly to speak to me."

We quote this letter, notwithstanding its redundant vanity (affording, however, a

certain amusement of its own), because the detail we extract from among its egotistical jactations is interesting and apposite.

In another letter to her father and sisters she says:

"I called on Mrs. Montagu, who showed me her new room, which was a double gratification to me, owing to the elegant paintings by our ingenious Edward. You will have heard this grand room described by Mr. Locke; and some of you, I hope, have seen it. 'Tis a very beautiful house indeed, and now completely finished."

In a letter from Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany of about the same date (Nov. 12, 1781) she alludes to Montagu House as follows:

"Last night I met at Mrs. Dunbar's Lady Macartney, also Mrs. Montagu, who is very busy furnishing her new house. Part of her family is moved into it."

When we come to such passages as the following, we may well say, "Save me from my friends," especially when our friends are foes in disguise. — In 1786 Fanny Burney, being an attendant of the Queen's dressing-room, her "sweet" Majesty one day, taking up a book, said, "Now, don't answer what I am going to say if you have any objection. This book, I am told, contains the character of Mrs. Montagu?"

"It was the *Observer*. I could not deny it, and she opened it at the account of Vanessa, and read it out, stopping at every new name for a key from me: I could give it to but very few — Mrs. Wright the wax-modeller, Dr. Johnson, and some others. But when the Queen came to a passage complimentary to a *young lady with an Arcadian air*, to whom Vanessa says, 'My dear, I am in your third volume,' she looked at me with an archness," &c. We need scarcely remark on the *maladresse* with which this vain and silly woman lugs in her own name on every possible occasion, but her egotism is pardonable beside such spite and duplicity as follows:

"How infinitely severe a criticism," she proceeds hypocritically to observe, "is this Vanessa on Mrs. Montagu. I think it a very injurious attack on the part of Mr. Cumberland; for, whatever be Mrs. Montagu's foibles, she is free, *I believe*, from all vice, and as a member of society is magnificently useful. This, and much more to this purpose, I instantly said to her Majesty *defending her as well as I was able* [this is uncommonly amusing]. The Queen was very ready to hear me, and to concur

in thinking such usage very cruel. She told me that Hume and Lord George Sackville were likewise criticised, under fictitious names."

From the editress of Mrs. Delany's autobiography and correspondence, we learn much more of Fanny Burney's real history and character than she chooses to tell us in her own memoirs. It was chiefly to Mrs. Delany's kind recommendation — made, it is true, at a time when she knew almost too little of her — that she owed the place and the pension she enjoyed as dresser to the Queen; "Mrs. Delany," says Lady Llanover, "being quite unaware that she was utterly unfit for any place requiring punctuality, neatness, or manual dexterity, and that she had not sufficient sound sense, judgment, or discrimination, to preserve her own equilibrium if placed in a sphere so different to that in which she had been brought up."

The event soon proved the error of those who had judged her too indulgently; Miss Burney, the daughter of a music master, and whose chief title to patronage was to be found in her honest father's excellence and uprightness, "became so inordinately elated," continues Lady Llanover, "by the appointment, that she gradually lost all consciousness of her actual or relative position. She lived in an ideal world of her own, of which *she* was, in her own imagination, the centre; she believed herself possessed of a spell which fascinated all who approached her . . . she was convinced all the equerries were in love with her, and never discovered she was continually the object of their ridicule. . . . Many entertaining anecdotes might be related of the ludicrous effect of her far-fetched expressions when she desired to be particularly courtly or particularly eloquent."

Her position, as this lady intimates, was an anomalous one, and her understanding too shallow to enable her to take a definite view of the *four* characters under one or other of which she always chose to imagine herself a heroine, and to write about herself accordingly, whether as the "*timid* nobody," the "*wonderful girl* who had written *Evelina*," the "*Queen's dresser*," the "*amiable and elevated daughter*," "Fanny Burney"!

The *Quarterly* of April 1833 may be referred to for an acute appreciation of her character, the vanity, self-assertion, and deviousness of which are such as to render her record of the times comparatively worthless.

Lord Macaulay has treated this writer

with generous indulgence, and passes over her faults with a very gentle hand, for the sake of the merit he finds in *Evelina* and the information that can be gleaned from the *Diary*. The *Memoirs*, of course, he utterly condemns, but he seems to consider that in accepting her place at Court she not only mistook her vocation, but wasted mental gifts that would, while they made her celebrated, have entertained and benefited posterity. It is difficult to share this opinion, in sight of the numerous failures she made when trying to follow up her first success, which she certainly never afterwards overtook. Among the persons of note of this period, and mixing largely whether in literary or fashionable society, was Mary Granville, great-granddaughter of Sir Bevil Granville, married first to Mr. Pendarves and secondly to Dr. Delany. As the friend of Mrs. Montagu, and sharing her acquaintance with the *beaux-esprits* and distinguished persons of the day, we find her continually mentioned in that lady's memoirs and correspondence, but her own celebrity is chiefly due to the confidential position she occupied in the household of King George III., his Queen, and the young Princesses, whose friendship she may be said to have enjoyed, notwithstanding the difference of rank. Although of good birth, Mrs. Delany's circumstances were far from affluent, and during the last few years of her life she received, together with a commodious dwelling called "The Lodge," close to the Palace, a pension of 300*l.* a year.

Her autobiography is full of strange and romantic incidents, and though purporting to be an authentic and unvarnished narrative of facts, it reads not only like a novel, but a novel of the times, and might almost have proceeded from the pen of Richardson. If true, the state of society it describes says little for the morality of the age; and vicious as it is supposed to be in the present day, it has, at all events, vastly improved.* It seems almost incredible that any married woman who conducted herself with self-respect could, in the rank of life to which Mrs. Pendarves belonged, have been subjected to the insulting advances, she seems almost to pique herself on revealing.

The assumed names of Herminius, Alcander, Henrius, Sebastian, &c., by which

* Johnson, however, is said to have "praised the ladies of his day, insisting that they were more faithful to their husbands and more virtuous in every respect than in former times, because their understandings were more cultivated." Perhaps it was the men only who were profligate.

she designates her legion of lovers, while she styles herself Aspasia, help to impart a fictitious character to the narrative, and tinge it with an affectation which damages the interest it might otherwise inspire.

Her correspondence is therefore far more acceptable than her biography, although formidably voluminous and needlessly prolix; still it affords the reader a copious store of scenes among the more cultivated ranks in the days of our great-grandmothers, peopled not with fictitious characters, but by real men and women already well known to us by name and by their written works.

In such we cannot but take a warm interest, and naturally seek to learn the detail of their domestic history, and to see them and judge of them in the unstudied privacy of familiar intercourse.

Among other communications to be found here, which carry us back into a past century, we have a letter from Dr. Porteus, then Bishop of Chester, addressed to Mrs. Delany, on his return from a pilgrimage to the burial-place of the poet Gray. "The solemn scenery of the place," he says, "combined with the recollection of its having given birth to the Churchyard Elegy, and, above all, the circumstance of the author being buried among the rustics whose 'simple annals' he had celebrated, without the least notice being taken of him, not even —

His name; his years spelled by the unlettered muse —

all this struck my fancy very forcibly."

In another letter from Mrs. Boscawen we read (May 1786): "The weather is very hot; I have walked till I am as red-faced as a *personage* I was in company with last night — no other than Madam — or Monsieur — d'Eon, whichever you please; but certainly there is more of a grenadier than a lady in her appearance; she was very easy in her conversation, and I was much entertained. I saw her at Mr. Swinburne's. . . . "I also saw Mrs. Chapone at Mr. Pepys's." . . . "I am now returned to London after a hot ride, and found Miss Hannah More come in to dinner."

The name of Hannah More, of course, frequently occurs in these volumes: was she not one of the Blue Stocking Sisterhood, and one of the most successful writers among their number? Although, however, she remained *Miss* Hannah More to the end of the chapter, a former letter from Mrs. Pendarves (Jan. 4, 1782) to Mr. A. Granville seems to intimate that she at least had that *one* chance it is asserted ev-

ery woman has offered her of forsaking the ranks of female bachelorship:

"We had promised Miss More to breakfast with her that morning, and kept our word; Sir Thomas was of the party. I believe I write you word that he was enamoured of that young lady; he carries the affair very cunningly if he has any designs there; his behaviour was not at all particular to her, and by what I see of him and his manner of talking, he has no thoughts of the matrimonial trap. He is very civil and agreeable, but no gallantry."

It appears that among Mrs. Delany's papers were found several notes addressed in the most familiar style to "Dear Mrs. Delany" by Queen Charlotte; these, we are told, were in autograph, and the tone of them corresponds with the statements in Mrs. Delany's diary describing the intimate terms on which she was with the King, Queen, and Princesses, who would drop in at the Lodge in the most free and easy way, at all hours, take tea with her, lunch, or even dine, and remain chatting for a couple of hours.

"One day her Majesty came in unannounced, just as Mrs. Delany was sitting down to a simple dinner of veal cutlets and orange pudding; the Queen seated herself at table, and declared she meant to share the meal, praised the *cuisine*, and desired that the recipe for compounding the orange pudding might forthwith be sent to the royal kitchen."

At another time Miss Port — the beautiful Miss Port (her grand-niece and adopted child, and subsequently the mother of Lady Llanover) — sitting one day writing in Mrs. Delany's drawing-room at the Lodge, heard a knock at the door: she of course enquired who was there.

"It is me," replied a man's voice, somewhat ungrammatically; but grammar appears to have been much disdained in our great-grandmothers' days.

"*Me* may stay where he is," answered Miss Port; on which the knocking was repeated.

"*Me* is impertinent, and may go about his business," reiterated the lady; but the unknown party persevering in a third knock, she rose to ascertain who was the intruder, and to her dismay found it was no other than King George himself she had been unwittingly addressing with so little ceremony.

All she could utter was, "What *shall* I say?"

"Nothing at all," replied his Majesty; "you was very right to be cautious who you admitted."

The royal disregard of grammar seems to have furnished a precedent for that of the Court and of society in general.

Among a number of interesting personages with whose names we are more or less familiar. John Wesley, his wife and daughters (described as remarkably handsome, stylish girls), are frequently brought before us.

In the class of society of which those of "Our Great-Grandmothers" we are recalling formed the leaders, ceaseless was the succession of fêtes and amusements: riddots, operas, balls, routs, and card parties were the order of the day. "Mr. Handel" was always bringing out some new masterpiece, and at one of the numerous masquerades which illustrated the fashionable season was one at which fun and frolic seem to have got the better of the dignity and *haut ton* with which we are accustomed to invest our powdered ancestors and their be-patched and be-hooped wives.

"Next Wednesday," writes Mrs. Montagu, "the Duke of Norfolk gives a masquerade, where everybody is to be extravagantly fine, and all are to pull off their masks before they leave the house."

Midst all the "extravagant finery" it was usual for women to don on these occasions, the beautiful Duchess of Queensbury was bold enough to present herself not only among her "peers," but even at Court, in a toilet simple as that of the "lovely young Lavinia" and reliant upon the unadorned adornment of her personal charms: pointedly omitting jewels, trinkets, and trimmings of whatever description.

This, we may add, was only one of her Grace's vagaries, as at another time she is described as wearing "... a gown of white satin, embroidered on the bottom of her petticoat with *brown hills* covered over with all sorts of weeds, and each breadth had an *old stump of a tree* that ran up almost to the waist, broken and rugged, and worked rough with brown chenille, round which twined nasturtiums, ivy, honeysuckles, periwinkles, convolvuluses, and all sorts of creeping plants, which spread thence their tendrils and covered the petticoat; there were vines with the leaves variegated as you have seen them by the sun, all rather smaller than nature, which made them look very light; the robings and facings were little green banks with all sorts of grasses, and the sleeves and the rest of the gown loose, embroidered with twining branches of the same sort as the petticoat. Many of the leaves were finished with gold, and part of the stumps

of the trees looked like the gilding of the sun." Then follows a betrayal of the feminine envy that moved the writer, Mrs. Pendarves: "I never saw a piece of work so prettily fancied, and am quite angry with myself for not having the same thought, as it is indefinitely handsomer than mine, and could not cost more." This costume must have appeared somewhat *hasardé*, not to speak more strongly; but "Prior's Kitty" could afford to dress as she pleased, to give herself airs, and even to write an impertinent and singularly ungrammatical letter to the King when banished from Court for more than one breach of etiquette.

This characteristic production begins in the third person, merges into the first, and finishes off with the signature of the writer.*

In a letter dated November 18, 1729, we have the remark of a *laudator temporis acti*, where Mrs. Pendarves says, "Lady A., who has all her life acted like a fool, has now been publicly exposed by her monstrous conduct; since the women never were so audacious as they are now, this may well be called the brazen age."

We suspect a similar conviction has been felt and expressed by every succeeding generation since the time of Horace—ay, and before too.

The descriptions of the coronations, birthdays, drawing-rooms, and royal weddings offer lively and suggestive pictures of the times, and as *études de mœurs* form valuable and attractive pages.

The circumstance of Pope's *Essay on Man* having been published anonymously is mentioned, and the various persons to whom it was attributed are named. Among others to Dr. Paget, Dr. Young, or Dr. Desaguliers. "The *Essays on Man*," writes Mrs. Pendarves (April 27, 1734), "are now owned by Pope, and nobody but Mr. Castleman disputes their authorship; does he think they are too good or too bad to be his?"

It seems wonderful that anyone at all conversant with Pope's style could for a moment entertain a doubt on the matter.

PART IV.

Tu secunda marmora
Locas sub ipsum funus, et sepulcri
Immemor, struis domos. HOR.

WITHOUT attempting to enumerate all the celebrities of the Georgian period, we may nevertheless renew a passing acquaint-

* See *Life and Correspondence of Mrs. Dalany*, vol. i. p. 194.

ance with some of those, the more intimate circumstances of whose lives are presented to us through the medium of the various contemporary biographies and correspondences that have descended to us.

We are all more or less familiar with Mrs. Chapone (Hester Mulso), not only the friend of Miss Carter, Mrs. Port, Mrs. Delany, &c., but one of the *habitués* of Montagu House. Indeed, she and Mrs. Montagu made a tour in Scotland in each other's company in 1770; and it was three years after that she published the *Letters* which have given to her name its existing distinction. She was born seven years later than Mrs. Montagu, and survived that lady one year. Her husband (to whom she was married at the age of thirty-three), was a barrister, but he died at the end of ten months, leaving her in poor circumstances.

She was, however, patronised by the "Blue Stockings" generally, and was maintained respectably by their aid and her own literary labours, though literature did not offer a very profitable pursuit in those days. The Dowager Countess Gower, writing to Mrs. Delany, May 19, 1782, says:

"I'm much disappointed that Mrs. Chapone won't venture under my roof; 'tis my opinion she might be at perfect ease here, I leaving all their own way. However, there's no judging for others; but I lament your kind endeavours have not succeeded, being perswaded her conversation would have been a benefit to all."

The other Mrs. Capon, Chapon, or Chapone, much more frequently mentioned in the letters of Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Delany, and Mrs. Montagu, was in no way connected with the authoress of the *Letters*, *Fidelia*, *Miscellanies*, &c. Her name was Sarah Kirkham, and we find her usually denominated by her intimates "Sally," more gracefully styled by the poet who sang her charms "The Nut-brown Maid," occasionally designated by the *nom de plume* of "Sappho," or "Saph," and sarcastically alluded to in one of Mrs. Pendarves' letters as having become "quite a conjugal creature."

When we recall Mrs. Pendarves' own matrimonial experiences, we are not much surprised at the tone of this observation. She certainly gives utterance to sentiments on her own part which show she was by no means a "conjugal creature" herself; and we think it a pity that so unbecoming a demonstration as "making her mourning as slight as she decently could," on the death of a near relative of her husband's,

should have been recorded by her biographer.

To return to her appreciation of Mrs. Chapone: in a letter to her sister, dated "From my fireside, March 14, 1728," Mrs. Pendarves writes of her in a way to show that she objected to her "friend" on other grounds besides those of conjugality.

"Sally's letters," she says, "are what I prize next to yours, but her last was too crabbed to please me. She confounds me with her ideas. I had much rather she would descend to the style I am acquainted with, for I cannot deny my ignorance, which is so great that I do not comprehend her logic, and I really think she has cramped her way of writing extremely. The beauty of writing (in my opinion) consists in telling our sentiments in an easy, natural way. Without partiality to you, you have attained that art in writing which alone makes it delightful. Your sense is so intelligible that it is known at first sight, whereas Sally's is in a masquerade, and I must examine the sentence more than once to find it out; but she has fallen into this way since being *half the parson*, for her letters used to please as well as instruct."

However, the subject of this censure appears to have improved in style, according to Mrs. Pendarves' thinking, in the course of a year and a half, as on October 15, 1730, this lady, who had now become Mrs. Delany, speaks of another letter of "Sally's," which, as it was *vue et approuvée* by the "sweet Queen," all loyal subjects, especially those enjoying a place and a pension at Court, were compelled to admire.

The letter in question contained an account of the misfortunes and distresses of a literary lady—Mrs. Elstob.* It was addressed to Mrs. Poyntz, who placed it in the hands of the Duke of Portland, requesting he would read it to the Queen.

"The Queen was so touched by it that she sent for Mrs. Poyntz to enquire particulars respecting the person mentioned in it, and *the person who wrote it*. Mrs. Poyntz said she knew no more than what the letter told, but that Mrs. Chapone was a friend of ours. The Queen said she never, in her life, read a better letter; that it

* We learn from Mr. Rowe that Mrs. Elstob was a woman of extensive reading and some literary merit, but deficient in practical abilities; consequently always in difficulties. "She originally possessed a genteel fortune, but being overdone with a drug called 'learning,' she did not discover the secret of managing her affairs." She was not only helped by the royal bounty, but obtained the appointment of preceptress to the children of the Duchess of Portland.

touched her heart; and ordered immediately an hundred pounds for Mrs. Elstob, adding, 'she need never fear a necessitous old age, and that when she wanted more to ask for it. . . . I hope this may be a means of serving our friend, Sally; her letter was the discourse of all the company. The Queen asked the Duke 'when he should be able to write such a letter.' He answered, honestly, 'Never.' Mr. Poyntz asked me many questions about Mr. Chapone, and I did him justice; he was so well pleased with my account, that he says he shall not rest till he sends him a scholar that may make his fortune. I gave Mrs. Chapone an account of my happy success last post."

Again, on the 16th of November, 1731, she writes from Dublin in a much more laudatory spirit:

"I esteem Mr. Faley. . . . I dare say his fondness for his wife will increase, as her qualities are of that nature to engage the more the better they are known. I wish I had Sally's letter on that occasion; I love her sprightly wit, and admire her grave sense. At last I found an opportunity of writing to her; I long for a letter in return, to know her fate in regard to the lottery; I will endeavour to get a good answer to your musical question, but Sally is the best definer."

On the 14th of March, 1780, Mrs. Delany writes to Mrs. Port:

"... We went by appointment, last Thursday morning at eleven, to St. James's House, to Miss Hamilton (one of the ladies belonging to the young Princesses), and there we found a circle of superior spirits, feeding their own mortal part with an excellent breakfast, and feasting their hearers with the *flow of sense*. Mr. and Mrs. Smelt, Mrs. Carter, and Mrs. Chapone! After an hour's agreeable repast on the latter, we crossed the Court and visited Mrs. Fielding."

In a letter addressed by Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany, she informs her of a new tax just about to be imposed by Mr. Pitt, and then proceeds to describe a breakfast given at Tunbridge Wells by Mr. Sheridan to herself, Lady Dartrey, Miss Sayers, and others; the latter, she says, had the honour of sitting next to Lord Mansfield and making his tea, listening to his conversation, which was as pleasant and lively as before his illness. "After breakfast, Mr. Sheridan read passages out of Milton, Dryden's *Ode*, Gray's *Elegy*, &c. &c."

A letter of Horace Walpole's, which we subjoin, is characteristic and to the purpose:

"Mr. Walpole having been called upon for a new edition of *Anecdotes on Painting*, could not in a history of English arts resist the agreeable occasion of doing justice to one who has founded a 'new branch.' He hopes, therefore, Mrs. Delany will forgive the liberty he has taken of recording her name in Vol. II. p. 34."

The "new branch of art" founded by Mrs. Delany was also celebrated in verse by Dr. Darwin in his *Botanic Garden*, and consisted in an ingenious method of cutting out flowers in China paper, the colours being carefully matched to the original, the form accurately outlined, and every marking in nature conscientiously copied; wax, silk, and wire were employed in the fairy fabric, and the result, styled "paper mosaic," appears to have elicited universal admiration. The "sweet Queen" headed the enthusiasts who lauded Mrs. Delany's successes, and even selected a number of her productions, which, at Mrs. Delany's death, were bequeathed to her Majesty.

The Duke of Portland, whose monomania was botany, Sir Joseph Banks, Dr. Solander, Launcelot Browne (the landscape gardener, whose taste has been much criticised, and who went by the name of Capability Browne), and many others, thought very highly of Mrs. Delany's artificial *hortus-siccus*.

"The year 1782, however, was the last," says her biographer, "in which Mrs. Delany was able to exercise this wonderful talent, and on finding her eyes were no longer able to direct the scissors in imitating the exquisite and minute tracery of nature, she composed those beautiful lines expressive of her resignation to the Divine Will which had seen fit to deprive her of this solace, beginning:

"*The time is come! I can no more
The vegetable world explore,*" &c.

Mrs. Delany's proficiency in miniature painting, greatly admired by Sir Joshua and other distinguished connoisseurs, is well known, but the "paper mosaic" won her a far higher reputation.

A "clever" painter named Rebecca is alluded to in these memoirs as possessing a happy knack of representing still life in such wonderful relief as to deceive, if possible, the very best judges.

He was employed chiefly in decorating drawing-rooms, and such was his skill, that he made intelligent human beings—

. . . Like *Xeuxis'* birds,
Fly to the painted grapes,

as Abraham Cowley has it. "Queen Char-

lotte shrieked out, thinking she saw a smutty kettle on the seat of a white satin chair; and at one of Mrs. Montagu's assemblies a tray of buns was handed round, from which all the guests in turn tried to help themselves. Alas, for the hungry! they proved to be only effigies."

Mrs. Delany's brother-in-law, Court Dewes, being in Paris, writes to her as follows:

"I am not yet without hopes of seeing Rousseau. As soon as I arrived I called at his lodgings, up three pairs of stairs, in an unfashionable part of the town and mean-looking house, making a striking contrast to the ostentation with which his rival Voltaire lives in his '*château*,' as he calls it, at Ferney. I was admitted into a little kind of ante-chamber filled with *bird-cages*; there I saw Madame Rousseau (late Vasseur). She told me her husband (she repeated '*mon mari*' ten times I believe, in five minutes' conversation) had had a fall, had hurt himself, and could not see anybody; but if I would call in about a week's time, I might see him. I left my letter, and a week after sent to know how he did, and if he was well enough to receive visits. I fancy he is *really so*, for I do not find that when he is well he is uncommonly difficult of access. As he has now resumed his first occupation, and copies music for hire, esteeming it his duty to evince by his practice the truth of what he has said somewhere, that '*everyone in society ought to have some employment*,' I shall call upon him again to-morrow, and then if I do not succeed I shall give the matter up."

In another letter from the same to the same, of about this date, the writer mentions having met Mrs. Montagu at "a very particular entertainment at the French Ambassador's. A gentleman (for so he is, it seems) spoke and acted a French tragedy so perfectly that all his audience wept, and so did he himself, especially when, after wounding himself with his sword, he came to the distress of the heroine, which he represented most pathetically, for he changed his tones so that a blind person would have concluded there had been the whole *dramatis personæ*. . . ." Farther on he says:

"Tother night I played whist at Mrs. Vesey's with General Potemkin, who took the rebel Pugatchef with his own hand; I also saw Monsieur de Noailles' '*chère Madame de Montagu*.'" And again:

"Advices from Bill Hill bring that Mr. Montagu is surprisingly well, and Mrs. Montagu *la grande* is gone to the north."

It was thus they were distinguished

among those who were acquainted with both ladies.

Like Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Delany lived to an advanced age, but it is impossible to say how much longer she might have lasted had nature but been allowed a fair chance. Unhappily, in her case it cannot be said, "Physicians were in vain:" they were only too instrumental to the melancholy result.

To judge from the description, given by those who were with her, of the disorder to which,

. . . Assisted by a doctor of renown,

she finally succumbed, it would in these days be called diphtheria, and as the treatment to which — much against her own instincts — she was subjected, was exactly the reverse of that adopted to combat that malady at the present day, we can only arrive at the conclusion that either our great-grandmothers *were*, or that we *are*, atrociously wronged by the faculty. Once before, when suffering under the same complaint, she had been brought to death's door by a similar course of bleeding and blistering; and if she recovered on that occasion, it certainly was in spite, and not in consequence, of the experiment; her restoration being simply attributable to her vigorous constitution, and the fact that she was then at an age at which she was better able to resist such violence.

In a note to the penultimate bulletin of the venerable patient's condition, the editor remarks: "Were it not known that Mrs. Delany did *not* survive this attack, it must be anticipated that no mortal frame could support the medical treatment here detailed."

There is a story of Mrs. Montagu's attending at Court when advanced in years, and falling down some steps at St. James's Palace.

Miss Port (being then aged thirteen) writes to her father, in the midst of a letter dated February 12, 1785, full of such details as we should only expect from an experienced woman of the world, and curious enough, on that account, to deserve quoting: ". . . Have you seen Mrs. Jerningham's lines on Mrs. Montagu's fall downstairs at the Drawing-room? In case you should not, I will write them —

Ye valiant fair! ye Hebes of the day,
Who heedless laugh your little hour away,
Let caution be your guide when'er ye sport
Within the splendid precincts of the Court.
The event of yesterday for prudence calls;
'Tis dangerous treading where Minerva falls."

Nevertheless, such had once been Mrs. Montagu's personal charms, that, in her youth, at all events, Venus would have been a more appropriate name for her than Minerva.

An exquisite enamel of her by Zincke still exists, to show how beautiful a face she had, even if the description given by her contemporaries had failed to do her justice; at the same time, although "her eyebrows were arched, her deep blue eyes shaded by long silken lashes, and her dazzling complexion contrasted delightfully with her chestnut tresses," there was a yet greater fascination in the sweet expression of her countenance and the intelligent smile which animated her perfect features, displaying the fire of genius which rendered her conversation alike attractive to the scholar and the statesman.

Such being the character, such the pursuits, and such the society of its brilliant mistress, Montagu House cannot but be regarded as classic ground; it is, then, with reverence that we step over the threshold and tread the floors erewhile paced by those whose names are household words to us, for they have bequeathed to us their labours and their thoughts, and with them the exposition of the literary mind of the last century.

We cross the vast and echoing vestibule, we wander through the spacious and now empty rooms, we linger about each possible token of a departed presence, and pause in that apartment we conjecture to have been the one more especially consecrated to the brilliant receptions of a former day; we listen in vain for some faint echo of those flashes of wit, such as have descended to us on paper Alas! we hear nothing but the hollow reverberation of our own voice!

We look around on the tall columns, the embossed ceilings, the gilded cornices, the faded walls, the vacant book-shelves, the gaunt fire-places; we face on all sides the stiff and stately mirrors, carrying their date upon them, but wanting the reflections which must once have been given back from their surfaces.

Vainly we search around for some vestige of Mrs. Delany's paper mosaic, or some remnant of those unique feather hangings which draped the walls of Mrs. Montagu's boudoir, and were not thought unworthy of Cowper's verse; and we task our fancy to repeople with the men and women who illustrated the annals of the mansion, those deserted chambers and dismantled halls.

Gladly would we have fallen on some

relic of the taste of the fair foundress; gladly would we have descried some remains of those draperies, the chosen colours of which were appropriated to the various reception rooms—fourteen or fifteen in number, forming the upper and lower suites—for each of which tradition relates that their mistress possessed a different dress, designed expressly to harmonise with their tints; vain would we have examined the collection of curious old coins, and other curiosities, dug up from time to time in the gardens; but, alas! all this has apparently been included in the category of family property, and as such the house has been cleared of it.

All that has been left behind for an antiquarian to speculate upon are the fine old marble mantel-pieces * of Italian workmanship, and those of soft grey Wedgwood-ware with white groups in relief, designed by Flaxman, the once bright steel sarcophagus stoves, the enriched ceilings, ancient cut-glass lustres, and mural decorations. Amongst these some weak specimens of that over-rated artist Angelica Kauffman on copper, and some medallions by Hamilton in the panels of the gallery or ante-chamber preceding the grand old saloon, a magnificent room of vast proportions, and profusely lighted with large central windows on three sides; a few more panelled paintings in the doors by De Witt, and we have arrived at all of art within the dwelling, that survives Mrs. Montagu. As for the general style of the architecture, decorations, and ornamentations, it is not for us to enlarge upon it.

If, however, the style may be considered deficient, not so the solidity of the building; the entrance-hall, staircase, and the suites of rooms are vast, lofty, and nobly proportioned; the walls are massive, as they need be when the floors up to the topmost attic, whether of landings, corridors, or rooms, are all of the original Portland stone or replaced by asphalt. In every fire-place we observe the application of an ingenious scientific contrivance—often employed in Paris—for carrying a direct draught through the grate into the fire, but can discern none of the now-common

* A passage in one of Mrs. Montagu's letters draws our attention to these decorative sculptures:

" . . . In London," she says, "we poorly supply the place of the social virtues in our chimney corners by marble bosoms without hearts, and finely sculptured heads without brains. However, I am far from thinking the cherubs on my chimney-piece the worst *tele-a-tele* in town; they have lost nothing of their native firmness by being highly polished, nor of their original purity by being in the fine world."

modern introductions of gas, speaking-tubes, ventilating valves, heating apparatuses, high service, or even baths. The basement storey has a damp, cavernous appearance, not only from its rambling construction and vast extent, but its unusual darkness, dampness and dreariness; the mildewed cellars and crumbling subterranean passages giving out an earthy smell, and the generally moist and chilly atmosphere telling a tale of long disuse, and almost forbidding us to believe that all this had ever been the scene of busy life and genial hospitality. Would that it might become again what it once was!

We have called attention to the singular similarity between the lives and pursuits of Mrs. Montagu and of the Marquise de Rambouillet, and we have but to examine the detail of their respective histories to trace the numerous points of resemblance. It is remarkable that the results of their efforts on behalf of literature should have proved similarly inadequate. Something, there is no doubt, both achieved, whether for their contemporaries or for posterity, and perhaps it is not possible accurately to estimate the importance and value of the literary *réunions* that each so successfully established. Still it is disappointing to find that the "Blue Stocking Club," like the once famous and exclusive *Salon Bleu*, scarcely survived its foundress, and that the members of both, once dispersed, have not been respectively succeeded by permanent *salons* cherishing the same aspirations as generation has followed generation. Never, perhaps, was a literary tribunal more greatly needed than at the present day.

From The Saturday Review.

THE NATIVE PRESS OF INDIA.

THE native press is only one among many manifestations of a newly-born, many-sided intellectual energy which is making itself felt over the whole of India, and which contrasts curiously with ordinary notions of Oriental apathy. Its tone and rapid development are a sign of that new era about which the rulers themselves are becoming as eloquent as any of those whom the Hindoo editors love to call "the children of the soil." Four years after the Mutiny there were in all Bengal only five vernacular papers—one published weekly, one bi-weekly, one tri-weekly, and two daily. In eight years the number reached thirty-eight. On the Bombay side there

were according to a recent estimate no less than between fifty and sixty publications of the sort, more or less successfully maintaining the struggle for existence. It is uncertain what the increase may have been for the last year or two; but almost every new number of an Indian journal makes brief announcement of a fresh addition. The price of many of these periodicals is only one "pie," or half-a-farthing. Evidently India is rapidly attaining the glory of what Mr. Carlyle would call her writing era. Our fellow-subjects are actually dreaming of establishing a *Hindoo Punch*. A Parsee *Punch* already exists, but it appears that its editor is too exclusive in his attention to his own particular enemies. The Hindoos have a rich vein of humour in them, and it happens that just at present Bengal is in a condition uncommonly suggestive of subjects for cartoons. One can fancy the zest with which a dusky Leech or Tenniel would caricature His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor in the act of lecturing the puzzled natives on the "Advantages of Compulsory Self-Government," or amusing the Calcutta University Syndicate by challenging it to declare "what is the vernacular language of the country."

We must confine the present notice to the most prominent representatives of the Anglo-Hindoo portion of the native press. These are, for Calcutta, the *Hindoo Patriot* and the *Bengali*, both English; for Bombay, and half in English, *Native Opinion*, the *Mitrodarya*—now merged in the *Hindoo Reformer*—and the *Indu Prakash*, or *Moonlight*. These newspapers wield a great and rapidly increasing power in the country. This is true especially of the Calcutta papers. Whatever may be one's estimate of the character and value of this Hindoo "fourth estate," it must be allowed that it would be difficult to discover any other cheap press which to an equal degree makes it the great object of its existence to teach and enlighten the people. As yet, it is not civilised enough to subordinate what it deems instructive and wholesome to what will "go down." And so far it contrasts favourably with much of the cheap literature of more advanced communities.

The native journalists sometimes convey their instruction with a savage vigour, and an amusing minuteness of detail, that contrast oddly with their professional dignity. The *Bengali* itself makes a grave announcement of a velocipede it has invented, which can be used without damage by the ungainliest performer, will serve admirably

for letter-carriers, and may be inspected on the editorial premises. The *Moonlight* lectures schoolboys on the use of gymnastics, for want of which, it says, "some of them are really skeletons, and present a ghostly appearance." An aged gentleman who is about to marry a young girl, "fresh with divine bloom," is described as a "decrepit old buffoon," and it adds that "the only remedy for this widespread evil is to hold it up to the scorn and derision of the world." The Hindoo press is forming public opinion, and it has many mutually repellant classes to preach to—young India, fresh from college, and inclined to vaunt its smattering of learning; old India, stubbornly adhering by the old paths; and the foreigner within the gate. Some of its bitterest utterances are directed against certain evil effects of contact with this superior race—notably that of intemperance. The *Bengali*, objecting that a rise in the tariff would interfere with "John Bull's drunken pastimes," writes:—

The missionary and the brandy-bottle are held to be the pioneers of a certain kind of civilisation, and our country has had enough of both these precious commodities. The desire to be like our betters is so strongly implanted in the human mind that we feel almost inclined to overlook the beastly conduct of several of our educated countrymen, on whom wine and spirits have been fatal poisons.

Not unfrequently, however, the quiet sarcasm and delicate side-hits of the native journalist contrast instructively with the coarse hammer-strokes of his Anglo-Indian brethren. Hindoo journalists write in the best English of their "masters." Of the fact that the writers are not Englishmen the reader is reminded only by the occasional introduction of an hyperbole full of Oriental extravagance; or, more rarely, by such expressions as "too infant," or "evolving an idea from the bowels of his own consciousness." For style, variety, and scope of subjects, for culture and general ability, the *Hindoo Patriot* unquestionably stands first. It would be difficult to overpraise the calmness, patient good-nature, and thoroughness with which it discusses matters in which native interests are vitally concerned. Next comes the *Bengali*, with its occasionally characteristic outbursts of Oriental English, and its special leaning towards philosophic subjects—especially the system of Auguste Comte. Its lively little contemporary, the *Mitrodaya*, has a like tendency, and has lately been publishing articles on "Christianity as Com-

pared with other Religions." This, indeed, is one of the favourite topics of the native press, and missionaries could hardly do better than include the Hindoo journals in their curriculum of study. A shock might perhaps be given to some of their stereotyped notions about the conversion of India. *Native Opinion*, a very well-written paper, expresses the busy, commercial spirit of Bombay. The *Moonlight*, its dreamy name notwithstanding, is highly practical. Nothing, for example, could exceed the conscientious painstaking of the recent analysis and summary of questions on the land revenue which it had prepared for the consideration of any possible native delegate to the Finance Committee sitting in London. Hasty work, however, would be inexcusable in the case of native journalists. The publications are weekly. The *Bengali* and *Native Opinion* appear on Sundays; the *Patriot* and *Moonlight* on Monday, and the *Mitrodaya* on Friday.

The native press of India has sometimes been accused of disloyalty, and it certainly writes with a freedom and boldness undreamed of ten years ago. It indeed enjoys far more liberty than in these days has fallen to the lot of the French press. If there is any disloyalty, however, it is rather hinted than expressed. The *Patriot* asserts that the importance of England to India is "axiomatic." In its loftier style the new Viceroy is described as "he to whom the people look up as to their earthly Providence under the Queen's benign sway." *Native Opinion* declares that "all classes of the natives of India pray with one heart that the sun of the British raj may continue to shine on their land." These journals profess to be fully alive to the great blessings of British rule—security of life and property, and, on the whole, impartial justice. But throughout this pleasant harmony there runs a plaintive discord significant of the unrest of national aspirations, and of a conviction that "the two civilisations of England and India will never coalesce." Hindoo journalists are quite candid on the point. "Western science" and "the British Raj" are valuable, they admit, as stepping-stones towards that grand result of the future when, in the words of the *Bengali*, India shall have "elbowed her way to a place among the nations." This dream of final emancipation from the "beneficent pupilage" of the conqueror determines the tone assumed by the native press on every prominent question of the day—admission to the public service, education, and

the various grievances that may be summed up in the word over-legislation. It is also revealed in such minor points as the *Reformer's* suggestion of national biographies, to be written by natives instead of by Englishmen, and to be substituted for the borrowed school-jargon about Cromwell and Pyrrhus. It also explains the peculiarly mournful tone of such productions as the *Moonlight's* mourning for the Rajah of Kolapore; a chief who had not been "annexed," or his death would not perhaps have so "filled our heart with inexpressible sadness." We have no space to dwell on the native view of the questions referred to above; but it may perhaps be worth while to show what is thought of "the curse of over-legislation." In an article headed "Utopia," in the *Bengali* of May 4, the Government is described as "working the legislative mill with a rapidity hitherto unparalleled in the history of the world." Mr. Campbell is a "marvellous man with a brain like the witches' cauldron, boiling and fermenting for ever, and chimeras instead of witches dancing around it." The article thus concludes:—

If ever a statue be voted for the ruler (Mr. Campbell), I advise you Utopians to have it of the following description:—A rider with a wheel in one hand and an arrow in the other. The arrow will be the symbol of haste, and the wheel of incessant activity, whereas the horse will be a fit representative of his hobby.

In a similar strain writes the Hindoo leading journal of June 24. Ever since 1858 peace has been

bellicose, not a calm, serenely sweet beauty, but a horrible shrew afflicted with restlessness. . . . Oh the Mill of Misery! it has broken down the backbone, muddled the brain, crushed the comforts, annihilated the peace of the nation. . . . It almost looks like a pastime, the way the mill works. But the pastime is the Master Miller's. It has proved very near the death of the others. . . . What power shall stop the infernal machine even for a season?

And then it breaks into a rhapsody over the new Viceroy:—

At last there is a ray of hope. Within the last two months a new statesman of the most promising antecedents has landed in the capital, and assumed the helm of affairs. All eyes are turned towards him, all picture him as the saviour of society . . . and the messenger of truth to the campaign of the great modern disturber—peace.

It ends by likening India to "a poor patient" whose case is one of "negative treatment, active treatment having brought the patient to this pass—this miserable and pitiable pass." His "curse of over-legislation" is attributed to the Englishman's want of sympathy with, or ignorance of, native character. "Want of sympathy," "want of understanding," this is the great grievance of the native press, the special charge which the natives bring against "our masters," for whose valuable qualities they profess the most genuine admiration, and than whom, they are ever eager to acknowledge, no better masters are possible. It would be curious to inquire how far, if at all, this want of "sympathy" is owing to the system of open competition; but it may stir the blood of old Anglo-Indians to hear the members of "the Company Bahadour" described as "the great souls." As it is, a "note" of submissive, despairing protest against the cold dead weight of unintelligence is present in almost every column of every fresh number of a Hindoo journal, and can escape no reader but a dull one. It may be that what may be generally described as the Manchester aspect of English character has been too exclusively presented to native contemplation. The traditional Manchester man, with his ears "stuffed with his cotton," and his vulgar ethics of money-making, is to the Oriental the most unlovely phenomenon in creation; and he is especially ridiculous when, with his eye on his ledger, he talks philanthropically of "England's sacred mission in India." On this point, as on others, the native press is a faithful reflex of the native feeling. The *Patriot* preaches against that Manchesterism which means by activity, restlessness; by progress, railways, cotton, and the income-tax. We are assured that, in spite of our railway sleepers, telegraph wires, and steam engines, we are as remote from India as ever, and that we have yet to accomplish her "moral conquest." A study of Hindoo journalism would be useful and interesting in many ways. Meanwhile what it behoves the "dominant race" to consider most attentively is the assertion that to Englishmen native life is as a sealed book, which they may bind, rebind, and gild according to the newest patterns from Europe—with, for result to themselves, a bookbinder's insight into its contents.

From The Spectator.

PHYSICAL PREJUDICES.

Do tall men and men of large physique dislike and distrust little men? We have, we think, once or twice met with the traces among tall men of a feeling of that kind, quite real, though unacknowledged even by themselves, and it crops out now and again in print. Some one wrote to the *Times* a year or two ago a letter in which he avowed that he could not in spite of his reason like little men; we saw it recently stated in a novel that little men are usually cunning and always timid, and a writer in the *Liberal Review* penned a week or two since an entire thesis in which the existence of a hostile feeling, a kind of resentment in tall men at the self-assertion of little men, was assumed all through, and deprecated, though not justified. This writer thought the origin of the feeling was the conceit and self-opinion of little men—a failing which of course would be more noticeable in them than in equally conceited but heavier human beings; but the dislike, if it exists, would appear more usually to take the form of a faint dread, as if little men must have a sinister mental capacity to make up for their lack of physical weight. Some such feeling must, consciously or unconsciously, have influenced the people who originally invented the old Northern legends of dwarfs and giants, in which the dwarfs are always so malicious and so clever, the giants usually so good-natured and so stupid, and have produced the very curious general impression that the great men of earth have been men of less than average stature. There is no foundation whatever in history for the idea that size of body affects the brain, for if we take Alexander, Cæsar, Napoleon, Wellesley, and Thiers to be little men, Moses, Charlemagne, Mohammed, Luther, Goethe, Frederic the Great, Bismarck, and dozens of others have been beyond the average either in height or bulk, and some of the greatest names have been those of men of average size. The prejudice against size may, however, have had an historic origin, civilization having first sprung up among the lighter-limbed races, who would appear to their conquerors very feeble beings very much to be dreaded for their wisdom. That is the universal feeling at this moment in Northern India among the warrior races about the Bengalees, the lightest and ablest race in Asia. The contrary idea, the dislike of little men by big ones, if it really exists, must be one of the hundred physical

prejudices which were once accepted as truths, and many of which still linger in the popular mind, defying reason and argument and even experience. Perhaps the strongest of them all, one that affects literature and influences more or less all writers of fiction, is the prejudice about strabismus, the notion that a cross-eyed man is necessarily more or less evil. The manufacturers of tales all affirm this, and it is an article of popular belief which nothing can shake, yet it is demonstrably groundless. If it were not so, we should be forced to conclude that as the affection is curable by an operation, an oculist with his fine instruments can modify his patients' moral qualities, a clear *reductio ad absurdum*. There are hundreds of persons in Great Britain who at one time looked two ways at once and now look straight, yet no alteration has taken place in their moral characters. The idea is, in fact, a mere prejudice arising from the notion that if a man cannot look you straight in the face he must be dishonest, a notion only true when the inability arises from a momentary operation of the mind. The dislike would extend to one-eyed men, does so indeed in some minds, but that it is usually overborne by the sense of pity for a misfortune. It is of a piece with the strong prejudice existing in some places against left-handedness, a peculiarity usually an accident or habit, and as absolutely without connection with the character as any other not strange enough to arouse in its possessor that passion of self-pity, and therefore of envy, which is the key to the malignity constantly, and in thousands of cases falsely, attributed to hunchbacks. It probably has its origin in some remote connection with the belief, once nearly universal, that the "right" was the lucky side, the one approved by the divinities,—a belief still embalmed in our own habitual use of the word "sinister," which means only "left," but bears with it the impression of the old doctrine of the Augurs that the "left," was the unlucky, and therefore bad side of things, the side on which omens should not appear. The other prejudice on this subject, that left-handed men are unusually strong, is, we believe, equally ill-founded, and arises either from an observation of cases in which men have an unusual facility in using both hands—as monkeys clearly have—or from surprise at an unexpected method of attack,—the secret, we imagine, of the success of left-handed bowling. The existence of this particular fancy is the more odd, because in popular slang a "left-

handed way" of doing things means an awkward way of doing them, and nurses carefully correct any tendency to the habit which, we should add, seems to be much rarer in women than in men.

The existence of a dislike for any visible malformation is intelligible enough, as is also the attribution of bad qualities to that which is disliked,—*e.g.*, the popular notion of the innate ferocity of the dumb—but it is not so easy to explain the mass of latent prejudices about the colour of the hair and eyes, prejudices from which we venture to say no cultivated man is entirely free. It is nearly impossible to believe that any relation can exist between character and the colour of the hair or eyes, yet thousands of otherwise intelligent persons are influenced by such notions in their daily life. Every conceivable variety of character exists among the peoples of Southern Asia, including India, yet it may be said, speaking broadly, and allowing for disease, or albinism, or other accidental peculiarity, all hair and all eyes among those tens of millions are of one and the same colour. Both, though varying in every other respect, are always black. Yet in spite of this and of every-day experience Englishmen do constantly associate colour in hair and eyes with moral qualities and mental capacities, and this from mere prejudice, without attempting to formulate a theory. The notions, for example, that sandy-haired people are weakly deceitful, that red-haired people—the true bright red—are exceptionally malignant, especially if pock-marked, and that people with steel-blue eyes are unfeeling, are almost immovable by any amount of evidence. So is the notion, consecrated in Dickens' writings, that cadaverous people are cruel—they are often exceptionally gentle—and this other, which has passed into a proverb, that the special shade of grey which is condemned as green indicates envious acerbity. There is not the faintest reason for that belief, which Shakespeare possibly entertained,—though in "Troilus and Cressida" he says "the eagle hath not so green, so fair an eye as Paris hath," making of the colour a merit,—and which so angers Mr. Trollope that in his last novel he sings a hymn about green eyes as tokens of an affectionate nature. The whole theory is knocked on the head at once by George Eliot's remark that people often inherit features without their original meaning, the physique having been transmitted but not the character, and by the evident mutability of popular impressions in the matter. A

villain is now usually red and with deficient eyelashes, but formerly he was always dark and beetle-browed, a prejudice still visible in those queer books, most of them extremely old, which profess to explain dreams and help fools to see their future. If we are not mistaken, there exists at this moment a quite definite impression that brown men are abler than fair men, an impression for which the only visible foundation is this, that brown men in England have usually some touch of Southern, or Celtic, or Jewish blood, and are apt, therefore, to be a little more vivacious. Quite half the men now at the head of affairs in England are very fair men, and one, certainly not inferior in mere intellectual force to any of them, has always had white hair; while of the four greatest poets, only one can be called dark, and he is not raven-haired. There are no statistics to quote, of course, but the probability is that the majority of English great men, like the majority of the population, have been brown-haired, with eyes of some shade of grey,—though the fancy that induces novelists to invest all their soldiers with keen grey eyes is a fallacy, most of the great soldiers having been brown or black-eyed men. There can be no more reality in the queer prejudice of most brown men and women that blonde women are "shallow-hearted," for if it were true here it would be true in Germany, where the ablest people believe, again without reason, exactly the contrary. This particular prejudice is the more unaccountable if, as is usually believed, the tendency of men and women is to admire and marry the type, particularly as to complexion, to which they do not belong. To account for such prejudices is as difficult as to dissipate them, but we presume their original source was race-hatred, retained after its reason had disappeared, and after races had become so mixed, that in obedience to the law of atavism, people of the same family, same capacities, and same character will present half-a-dozen different types.

From The Saturday Review.
CONSTITUTIONAL CHANGES IN FRANCE.

THE Assembly will meet again very shortly at Versailles, and the French Government is taking the opportunity to gauge public opinion as to the course which ought to be taken by the Assembly and the Government when the Session begins.

The recent elections have greatly altered the position of parties, for it may now be assumed, as the basis of all discussion, that the present Assembly does not represent the country. If there were a general election the Republican party would not only greatly increase its strength, but would probably have a large majority. On the other hand, the triumph of the Republican party, elated with success, intolerant of its adversaries, and believing itself to have a divine right to trample every opposing faction in the dust, might easily be the death of the Republic. Then, again, if France wishes for a more Republican Assembly, it is equally clear that she does not wish to lose the services of M. Thiers; and therefore, even if the Monarchical parties are left out of consideration, there are at least three political forces which, if possible, must be got to work together—M. Thiers, the Republicans who want a moderate, comprehensive, and durable Republic, and the Republicans who want the establishment of a Republic after their own peculiar type, involving the political annihilation of all who disagree with them. M. Thiers has the advantage, or the disadvantage, of the initiative. It is he who, if he thinks fit, can make definite proposals; and from the line taken by the journals specially devoted to him, and from the hints which his personal adherents let drop, it is evident that he would like to effect while there is yet time some arrangement which would ensure his own position, lighten the objections of Conservatives to a permanent Republic, and yet engage the support of the more extreme Republicans in the Assembly. If the Assembly were dissolved now, and a strongly Republican Assembly returned, it would at once proceed to draw up a new Constitution after its own pattern. This would lead to two evils—the Constitution would in all probability be the scheme of one single party in France, and to break it up would be the sole object of every other party; and secondly, the time and energy of the new Assembly would at its first start be absorbed in the dangerous and distracting task of Constitution-mongering. M. Thiers is now apparently endeavouring to find some means of preventing a mischief which might easily plunge France into anarchy and civil war, and the mode by which he hopes to effect this is by persuading the existing Assembly to make certain constitutional changes, the general drift of which would be to make a new Assembly work mainly in a groove marked out for it by its predecessor. M. Thiers is, in fact, de-

vising a system by which there shall be a gradual transition from the old to the new, instead of a violent crisis and a general chaos of wild views and discordant ambitions. No one can say that the object he is aiming at is not a very good one, if only he can attain it.

There are three principal heads of constitutional change to which attention is now, under Government guidance, being directed in France. These are the position of the President, the creation of a Second Chamber, and the dissolution and re-election of the Assembly. Unfortunately each of these topics opens out fields of almost unlimited discussion, and takes Frenchmen down into the very depths of theories of government. The question of the position of the President is so far simplified that men of all parties seem agreed that M. Thiers should be the President. M. Louis Blanc is stated to have suggested that it would be advisable to do without a President; but if one man is not to be at the head of affairs, several must be, and France cannot look back with much satisfaction to the days of the Directory. Assuming that there is to be a President, how long is he to be in office, and what are to be his powers? A feeler was thrown out, although perhaps from no official source, to ascertain whether public opinion would sanction the bestowal of the office on M. Thiers for life; but the notion received no support, and has been allowed to die away. If he is to be made President for four or five years, who is to appoint him? The Assembly can scarcely do so, for it can hardly affect to bestow powers enduring beyond the term of its own existence, and the mere attempt to exceed its powers would raise the dangerous question whether, now that it does not represent the country, it ought to be the author of great constitutional changes. Hitherto the Assembly has been content with agitating the question of the Vice-Presidency, so that some one might be ready to take the place of M. Thiers if a sudden calamity deprived France of his services; and the names of M. Grévy, the Duke of Aumale, and the Duke of Audiffret-Pasquier have been put forward according to the fancies of different political parties. The Vice-Presidency is, however, clearly only a temporary shift, for a Vice-President could only hold power, if called on to act, under the authority of the present Assembly, and the only importance attached to his office would arise from the influence over the elections to a new Assembly which, as acting head of the Government, he might possibly wield. The

simple thing would seem at first to be that the President should be elected by the nation; and no doubt M. Thiers would be chosen; but then if an appeal is made to the nation to elect a President, an appeal must also be made to it to elect an Assembly, for it could hardly be expected that the nation would be satisfied to elect a President and leave him in face of an Assembly which does not enjoy the confidence of the electors. But M. Thiers does not wish to have a new title direct from the nation, and a new Assembly of a very pronounced shade of political opinion. He wants to retain and use his present power so as to avoid any violent change, and this makes him see, so far as is known, only one course open to him. He must virtually make a bargain with the Republican party. They are to let him be named President for four years, and the Assembly is not to be dissolved at once. In return they are to have concessions made to them which are certainly, if accurately described, of a singular kind.

The first concession is that the Republic shall be definitively proclaimed; but this is merely nominal, for it is involved in the appointment of M. Thiers as President for a term of years. Then comes the great sop to the Republicans. The Assembly is to be permanent in the sense that there is never to be a dissolution of the entire Chamber, but one-third is to go out every year, and the first third is to go out next February. When the present Assembly is thus refreshed with new blood, it is to proceed to appoint a Committee to consider how a Second Chamber is to be elected in case it decides that one is wanted. The Government is known to wish for a Second Chamber, and its plan is to have it elected by bodies which are already elected for other purposes, of which the most numerous and conspicuous would be the Councils-General and the Municipal Councils. This is supposed to be the best imitation possible in France of the election of the Senate of the United States by the local legislatures, and it is not perhaps easy to see how a better mode of election could be devised. The number of the Lower Chamber would at the same time be reduced from 750 to 500, the Upper Chamber consisting of 250; and it is suggested to the Republicans that they would reap indirectly an advantage from this device, inasmuch as the chief Conservative

proprietors in each department will be elected to the Upper Chamber, and thus leave the road to the Lower Chamber more permanently open to the democratic party. It is obvious, however, that France is here brought face to face with the old difficulty that besets the creation of all Second Chambers. If the Upper Chamber is to be a nullity, what is the good of having it? If it is to have real power, then the party which, according to the Republican hypothesis, would be in a minority in a single Chamber, would be endowed with a co-ordinate authority with that of the party which would be in a majority in a single Chamber, and thus the Republicans would be enabling their adversaries to veto all the measures on which the Republicans have most set their hearts. If the Republicans agreed that the Chamber should be renewed next year by one-third, there would still be a sufficient majority in the Assembly, when aided by the Government, to ensure the creation of a Conservative Upper Chamber, and probably to ensure the bestowal of real power on the Chamber when created. The key, therefore, to all the proposed changes is the renewal by thirds as against the dissolution of the Assembly; and there can be no doubt that the Republican party would be making a great sacrifice by assenting to it. If they refuse, M. Thiers will probably find himself too weak to resist them; for if they make him choose between themselves and the majority of the present Assembly, he would be too prudent to throw himself on a body which has lost the confidence of the country. He would be quarrelling with the party rising to mastery in France, and his position would soon become untenable, and his hope of leading France into a haven of safety and peace would be gone. His strength, on the other hand, lies in the probability which Republicans of any sense must acknowledge, that if they insisted on taking everything they can get, their Republic would be endangered by the combined hatred of all the parties opposed to them, and that they would be throwing away the chance of getting a permanent Republic established under the auspices of M. Thiers. He has, in fact, something to sell to them with which they can very ill afford to dispense, and the question is, what is the utmost price they will be content to pay for it?